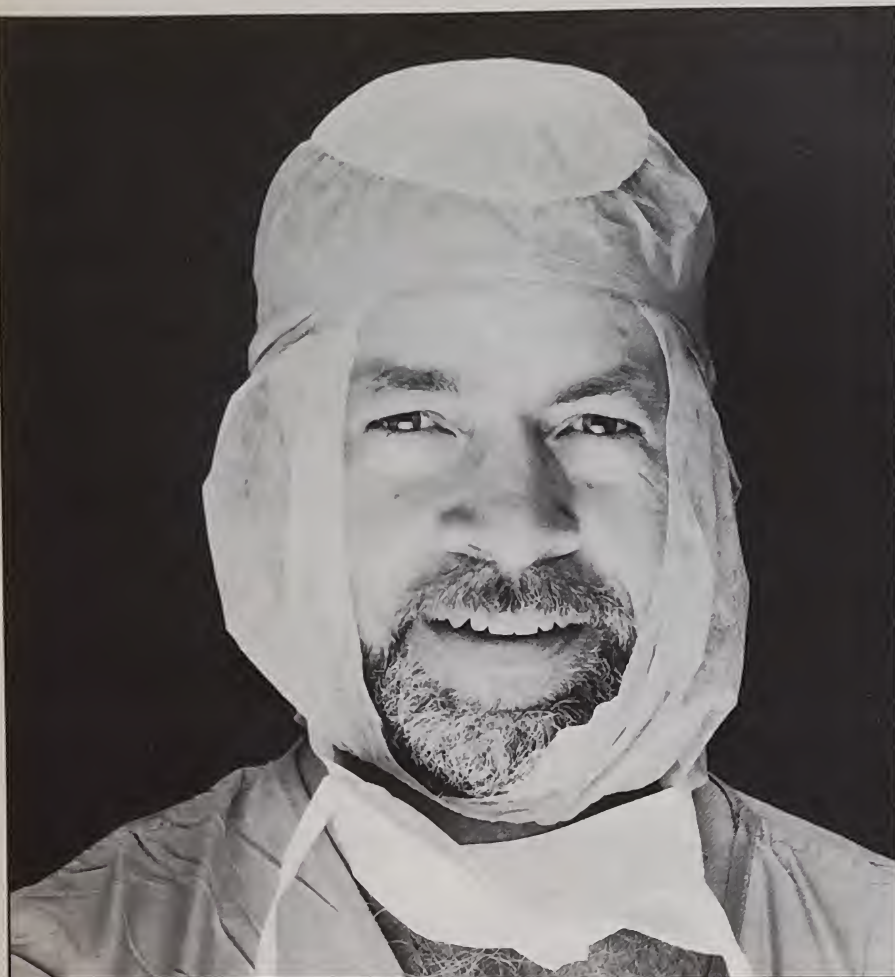




Model: Tania, Hair: Danette, Makeup: Kirtiye, Photo: Lynda Michaluk, Artistic Direction Ken Bowling

GADABOUT
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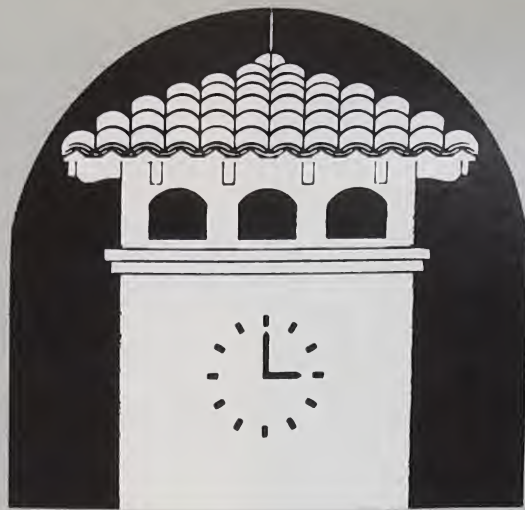
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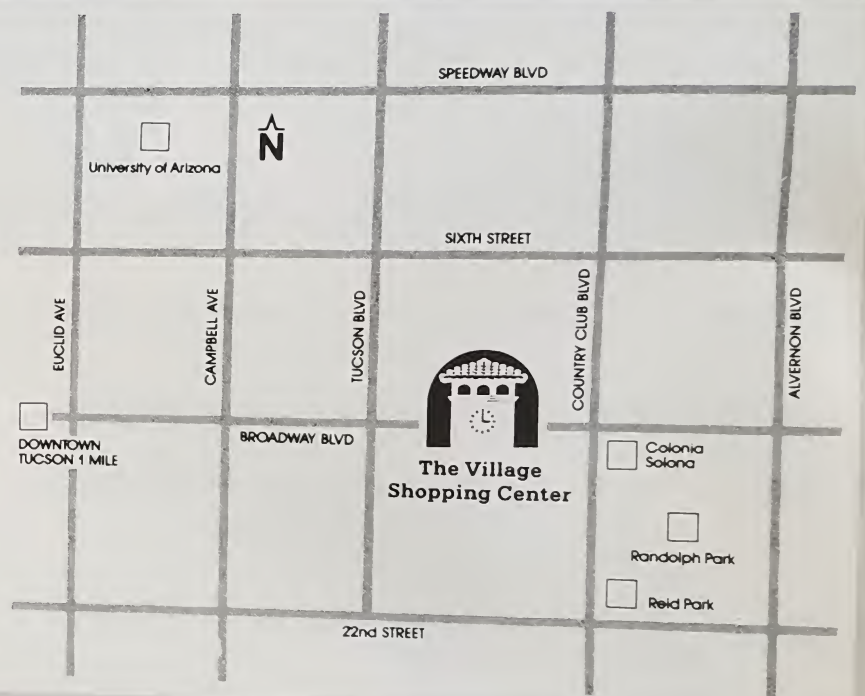
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HOWDY



Howdy,

Lately, something's been missing from Tucson, a fact so obvious that anyone but a live politician or a city planner would notice it right away. Basically, we live in a blast furnace that goes dead every summer—or goes to hell and La Jolla. Even the students are gone, vacationing in drug rehab centers. But this past summer we took dead to new depths. Being a patriotic, cold-blooded kind of guy, I'd like to remedy this situation. So I'm announcing a treasure hunt and the prize is the only thing in this inferno that is still solid gold—a free sub to *City Magazine*.

So park that jug of organically grown cactus juice, get out your pack of blue tick hounds and prepare to hunt.

- Can anyone find the mayor? Last winter sometime Big Lew hung it up and went home with his ribbon-cutting scissors and this new dude took over, according to reports in the local dailies. Since then, there have been no reliable mayor sightings, just blurred videos, apparently taken at airport terminals, and strange, garbled statements that handwriting experts and audio imprint wizards cannot absolutely verify.

- Can anyone find the local economy? Local comedians in the Chamber of Commerce and various mental defectives in government say it is still alive and kicking, but nobody out on the street can find hide nor hair of the damn thing. If it weren't for the recurring bloom of local drug busts there would be no visible evidence that actual currency still circulates in this town.

Okay, that's what you're after. The first person to bag the mayor and the economy gets a free sub. Your dogs ready to go, their blood up?

Iggy

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LETTERS

Not Our Cocktail Party Fodder Any More

It seems appropriate to see words about the Poetry Center in *City Magazine* (July). A magazine of writing writing about a center for writing. But, that an article on a poetry center must commit so many column inches to (1) the relative lack of recognition of poetry and its centers, (2) the failure of poets and poetry to live up to one journalist's romantic stereotypes of bards (too bad, we are not her cocktail party fodder any more), and (3) a few examples of poetic notoriety or headline-grabbing (Frost & Ginsberg visit Tucson-town), is a weakness born of writing which abuses its audience by, yes, applying the laws of division to ascertain that lowest common denominator.

Poetry, and the mission of the Poetry Center, remain important because language remains of primary importance to the mind—some say language is mind; and poetry remains the most creative exploration of language we have. Recent innovations in the art and its theory have made it into the practice which most thoroughly and creatively interrogates the nature of language and its relation to thought, mind, society. This is precisely *not* to imagine poetry as some romantic or exotic practice whose participants should be the subject of party discussions. It is more healthy, alive, and intransigent than that.... The Poetry Center has supported the art of writing within the last year by bringing voices and visions as diverse as Lucille Clifton and Charles Bernstein to Tucson—voices to which Tamara Hatzinger might do well to listen.

As for the accompanying "Apology for Modern Poetry," it adds only inflammation to the irrelevance of ignorance. I did not know we needed to apologize.

I wish the Poetry Center health in a new location. Here's to language mind writing.

Charles Alexander, a poet

Now That's Style

Thanks for your August issue and Laura Greenberg's literary portrait of Bea Lamé. Having known Margo peripherally for fifteen years, I've always appreciated her unique sense of personal style. Here's a woman who can dine in elegant surroundings on veal piccata and deep in her heart know it may very well be a screwed-up chicken-fried steak.

Joan Meggitt

Fun Couple

How nice to find in *City Magazine*,

cheek by cheek, precise word profiles of "Bea Lamé" and Charlie Keating. What a perfect couple, what a pretty pair—the essence and quintessence, the nadir and the zenith, of Sunbelt rot.

Edward Abbey

Margo replies: "Oh, that's fab!"

Arrgghh, Boring Head Shots

Now that you're using coated paper, where are the photos? And how come all of the photos in your August issue seemed slightly blurred

and/or out of focus? It's such a shock going from Jack Dykinga's interesting and artsy editorial B&Ws to boring head shots. Couldn't you get that guy out from behind his desk?! The best photo in the issue was the hair on the cactus. I'm used to better photography from you.

Pam Powers

It Made Him Want To Howl

Sincere thanks to Janet Mitchell for her sumptuous tale in July's Where to Howl: "It Makes Me Want To

Shout."

I smiled throughout and laughed out loud at the ending. I will renew my roommate's subscription when it runs out now.

Peter Ireland

Shredder Shudders

Re: The query by Emil Franzl in his July food column ("Park the A-10 and Fill Your Belly Tank"): "Who can remember seeing the oldest birds on their way to the big shredder?"

Yes, I was there many times and

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LETTERS

saw stacks of P-40s. They were stacked along the fence on the west side of Koll Road. The engines were gone and I imagine all the instruments had been scavenged. I would think to myself how great it would be to save one and fix it up. Our Pima Air Museum would have been the beneficiary.

Alex R. Garcia

"Fly in the Celtic Ointment" Has His Turn

Since I have been described in your publication as everything from a "Liberator/Poet" to a "fly in the Celtic ointment," and most recently a "pseudo bog man" in a letter by Angela Foley, I hope you will allow me the courtesy of a printed response.

While Foley claims that no one is "fit to speak for the Celts," she has no qualms about acting as a spokesperson for the Tucson Irish community whose beliefs, she claims, I have "brought to the lowest level" by my need for "publicity." Perhaps she is right. As an individual who has both witnessed and been victimized by the horrors of military occupation by 30,000 British troops in the six counties of northeastern Ireland, I feel a compelling need to publicize the rights of the Irish in their struggle against religious discrimination...and for the basic right of any people to be free from foreign occupation.... On this principle I stand with our own Declaration of Independence, our Bill of Rights and our Constitution—and I stand passionately unapologetic.

...Finally, I would like to say that if Angela Foley is so unspeakably proud of her Celtic soul, she would have a better chance of preserving it if she would direct her animosity toward the British war machine that has wreaked havoc on the Irish language, culture, economy and national identity, instead of attacking fellow Irish-Americans who refuse to keep our heads comfortably in the sand.

Scott D. Egan

We love to hear from you, whether to compliment or complain. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity. Sign your letters and include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to City Magazine, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.

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Lynn Taber-Borcherdt "Caution to the Winds," 19 1/2 x 29 1/2 x 4 7/8. Mask portion of costume in progress.

Disguises

Oct. 1-31

"Masks and Costumes by Southwestern Artists," a display of original work at the Old Pueblo Museum by forty contemporary artists from Arizona and New Mexico working in media ranging from clay to cloth to metal to neon. Works will be available for purchase in time for Halloween at prices a touch higher than Lown's Costume Shop. Classes will be held for those inspired to make their own goblin gear. Call for class times and fee. At Foothills Center. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Windham Hill Artists

Oct. 2

Barbara Higbie opens this straight-ahead jazz show on piano with vocals. Tuck and Patti jazz duo follow in a stylized version of Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Pass. If that doesn't raise your music pressure, consider this — they all record with Windham Hill Records. Doubletree Hotel Ballroom, 7:30 p.m. Sponsored by Guest Productions. Tickets, \$12 in advance, \$14 at the door. Available at Dillard's. Info, 743-3217.

New Age in Your Old Age

Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27

Forget the Age of Aquarius. Continuing their Open Forum Series, The Desert Institute of the Healing Arts presents new ways to tame old, bad habits. Oct. 6, Suzanne Lovejoy, holistic health counselor, tells you how to de-junk your diet; Oct. 13, Dr. William Nager, N.D., clues you in on hidden health hazards in your kitchen; Oct. 20, Jane Martin will guide you through metapsychology; Oct. 27, Rebecca Rizzo Freedom introduces us human beings to the outer limits of polarity. Question-and-answer (debate, if you will) follows. Free at 639 N. 6th Ave. at 7 p.m. Info, 882-0899.

Tucson Meet Yourself...Again

Oct. 7-9

This is our annual fiesta of ethnicity, sometimes jokingly referred to as "Tucson Eat Yourself" because of the plethora of aromatic food stands lining the perimeter of El Presidio Park between City Hall and the old Pima County Courthouse. You don't have to make the trek to a big city, it's all here — Chilean, Hun-

Where to



garian, Spanish, German, Swedish, Greek, Czech, Tohono O'odham. Aisles of it. Continuous concerts, folk dances, craft exhibits, workshops and stray dogs. It's one of the best ways to stay in love with Tucson, and get stuffed in the process. Info, 621-3392.

Gavel to Gavel

Oct. 15

Celebrated photographer Harold Jones goes on the block with gavel in hand during Dinnerware's 7th annual fund-raiser and art auction. In addition to the 16 Co-op members, alumni and non-members have donated their work to help keep the gallery in operation. Downtown is not yet known for hip attractions, but everyone's shed their tan by now and dressing up is better than dressing down. At least that's what the ads say in magazines. The preview cocktail party is from 6-8 p.m., and the auction begins promptly at 8 p.m. 135 E. Congress. St. Tues.-Sat., noon-5 p.m. Sun., 1-4 p.m. Info, 792-4503.

Bibliophiles Converge

Oct. 19

The 14th annual UA Library book sale. Thousands of bargains (unneeded duplicates, for instance) for book-hunting fanatics, including sheet music, magazines, records, pamphlets, big and little books and who-knows-what-else. Also, they're accepting all the potential donations spilling from your bookshelves. Help

keep the library stacked with classics — the budget's been slashed. The good stuff moves quickly. Held outside the UA library. Inside if it's raining. 8 a.m.-1 p.m. Info, 621-2699.

Deadline

Oct. 28

The Invisible Theatre, with the assistance of the Arizona Commission on the Arts and TPAC, announces a New Play Contest for Arizona Playwrights. If you've been scribbling in your closet, bring out your manuscript and see if you've got a winning script. All winners will be given one staged reading, open to the public, during the Comedy Festival. Deadline is Oct. 28. Interested playwrights should contact the IT, 1400 N. First Ave. Info, 882-9721.

Southwest Heritage Days

Oct. 28-31

Artists, writers and craftspeople from the Southwest converge to demonstrate their skills and sell their wares at the 6th annual Southwestern Heritage Days celebration at the Arizona Historical Society. Fri. and Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sun., noon-4 p.m. Free. 949 E. Second St. Info, 628-5774.

All Hallows' Eve

Oct. 30, 31

Get spooky, get weird, get dressed up or down for a Halloween festival at Reid Park in the bandshell area. They're having a doughnut walk, costume contest and haunted dungeon. For kids through age 12 from noon-4 p.m. Co-sponsored by the Tucson Junior Chamber of Commerce. Don't forget your Halloween bag. Info, 791-4878. If this is out of your neighborhood, the Northwest Neighborhood Center (2160 N. 6th Ave.) will host its own Halloween Festival on Oct. 31, from 6-8 p.m. No dungeons here, but they will have a haunted house, magicians, snacks and surprises aplenty. Info, 791-3247. Move over to the South Side to the El Pueblo Festival, 101 W. Irvington Rd, where they'll carry on from 7-10 p.m. with games, goodies and live entertainment. Better yet, get around to all three. Your kids will love you for at least a week. Info, 791-4629. For adults, you can always count on the various clubs to be staging their versions of ghouls and goblins. Actually, just get in your car, shut your windows and cruise Speedway. It might be the best show in town.

More Fun Than You Can Shake A Stick At!



Conductor Robert Bernhardt is having a great time with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra and this month you'll have ample opportunity to share in the excitement as he opens his second season. Whether your taste calls for a concerto or a convention, TCC has a season full of good times ahead. Because when it comes to entertainment, we don't play second fiddle.

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October Highlights

Oct. 1 Cinderella Pageant	Oct. 16 Play & Art Exhibit sponsored by Lynks Inc.	Oct. 27 & 28 Tucson Symphony Orchestra with Elmar Oliveira, Violin
Oct. 6 & 7 Tucson Symphony Orchestra with Ida & Ani Kavafian Violins	Oct. 18-23 Child's Play	Oct. 28-30 16th Annual Lapidary And Gem Show
Oct. 6-9 Ice Capades	Oct. 20-22 Arizona Opera presents "La Traviata"	Oct. 29-Nov. 14 .ATC presents "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"
Oct. 7-9 Leader Marketing Electronics Sale	Oct. 21 Book & Author Event: Tom Fauss of the Arizona Daily Star	Oct. 30 Fraternal Order of Police Fund Raiser
Oct. 13-16 Tucson Home and Garden Expo		

WHERE TO HOWL



That was Then; This is Now Oct. 4

Continuing the UA Faculty Lecture Series, Ingeborg M. Kohn, UA Associate Prof (French and Italian) presents a discussion entitled "From Paris to Punk: Eras of Decadence." Take a mind-ride through the clash of cultures through several decades. Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium at 7:30 p.m., room 2600. Free. Info, 621-1877.

Head Stuffers

Oct. 4, 6

Continuing their series of readings by contemporary writers, the Magritte Sessions are about "writing and ideas at the innovative edge of contemporary practice." Hang out on the edge with them. Author Larry Goodell reads on Oct. 4 at 7 p.m. at the Tucson Museum of Art and on Oct. 6 from 4:30-6:30 p.m. at Cafe Magritte, 254 E. Congress. Sponsored by Chax Press and supported by TMA, Cafe Magritte, TPAC and the Arizona Commission on the Arts. Info, 622-7109.

UA's Fine Art Samplers

Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25

Get a quick fix on understanding the dramatic arts. Discover what to look for in a stage production and how a live production is put together. Part of UA's Extended University from 7-8:30 p.m. in Harvill Bldg. Room 111. Your chance to become a first-rate critic. One four-week session: \$40. Includes a ticket to a UA performance or exhibit. Info and registration, 621-U of A.

Gardening Demo

Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26

These guys do planting right. Oct. 5, a special warm-up session for new- and old-timers; Oct. 12, strawberry clean-up and planting; Oct. 19, examples of non-conventional gardening; Oct. 26, labor saving hints for your landscape. Sponsored by the Pima County Cooperative Extension at 9 a.m. 4040 N. Campbell. Free. Info, 628-5628.

A Woman's Agenda

Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27

Tucson Medical Center continues to hand out healthy tips to keep or get you in great shape. Oct. 6, Marge Celec, R.N., holds a seminar on the natural process of menopause — symptoms and effective treatments; Oct. 13, Lois Hopkin, R.N., elaborates on PMS; Oct. 20, Marthann Wilson, Tucson counselor, offers practical approaches to manage stress; Oct. 27, Joan Martin, R.N., discusses breast cancer risks and mammography screening for women. Presented by Sheraton El Conquistador, Partners HMO and Tucson Medical Center. Free at Sheraton in the Winchester Room at 7:30 p.m. Info, 742-7000, ext. 65.

Man as Hero, Woman as Hero

Oct. 7, 8

The Southern Arizona Friends of C.G. Jung are sponsoring two lectures featuring Jungian analyst and author Robert Johnson of San Diego. On Oct. 7, he'll explore the parallels and differences between men and women as heroes in defending the cultural patterns of society. At 7:30 p.m. \$7 members; \$10 general; Oct. 8, Johnson probes further into the mind — "thinking brings information, sensation brings contact with the physical world and intuition brings possibilities." Find out how this integrates into your reality. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. \$10 members; \$15 general. Both lectures at St. Philip's in the Hills East Gallery. Info, 299-3020.

Aging Faces

Oct. 11

Plastic Surgeon John Collins explains how the sun ravages faces — twisting and turning them into prunelike wrinkles. Protect your vanity and your skin; learn how to slow down the aging process in our desert climate. Part of the Women's Roundtable, sponsored by TMC. Radisson Suite Hotel, Speedway and Wilmot, from 7-9 p.m. Members \$5; general \$10. Reservations, 299-6626.

Tucson Trade

Oct. 13, 27

The Tucson Trade Bureau's Community Forum is staging two panel discussions. Oct. 13, the debate rages on about our local elections and the key issues. Oct. 27, they're going national, discussing the presidential election. Make these forums lively and voice your

opinion. At noon, Doubletree Hotel, 445 S. Alvernon. \$10 TTB members; \$15 non-members. Check or cash at the door for optional lunch. Info, 884-7501.

Xeriscape Gardening

Oct. 19, 26, Nov. 2

It's not Zero-scape, it's xeriscape, a.k.a. the conservation of water through creative landscaping. Find out the essentials of this process with the master of xeriscape, Dr. Warren Jones, at the Tucson Botanical Gardens from 7:30-9 p.m. Fee: series, \$12, members, \$9. Individual classes, \$5, members, \$4. Pre-registration required. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

TMC Greater Issues Series

Oct. 20

Broadcast journalist Eric Sevareid is this month's guest speaker at the Tucson Medical Center Foundation's 10th Greater Issues Series dinner forum. Previous speakers include noted politicians Henry Kissinger, former U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, Israeli diplomat Abba Eban and, recently, former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. Get the lowdown on politics from those on the inside. Doubletree Hotel, 445 S. Alvernon. Registration, 327-5461, ext. 5982.

True Value

Oct. 27

Learn how to increase your income, your wealth, but not the taxes you pay. Who could ask for more? This investment group offers to help you travel down the yellow brick road to financial independence. It's all happening at the Real Estate Club, where a different person speaks each month. 7 p.m. Call for location, 293-9541.



Rex Allen Days

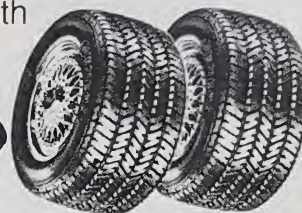
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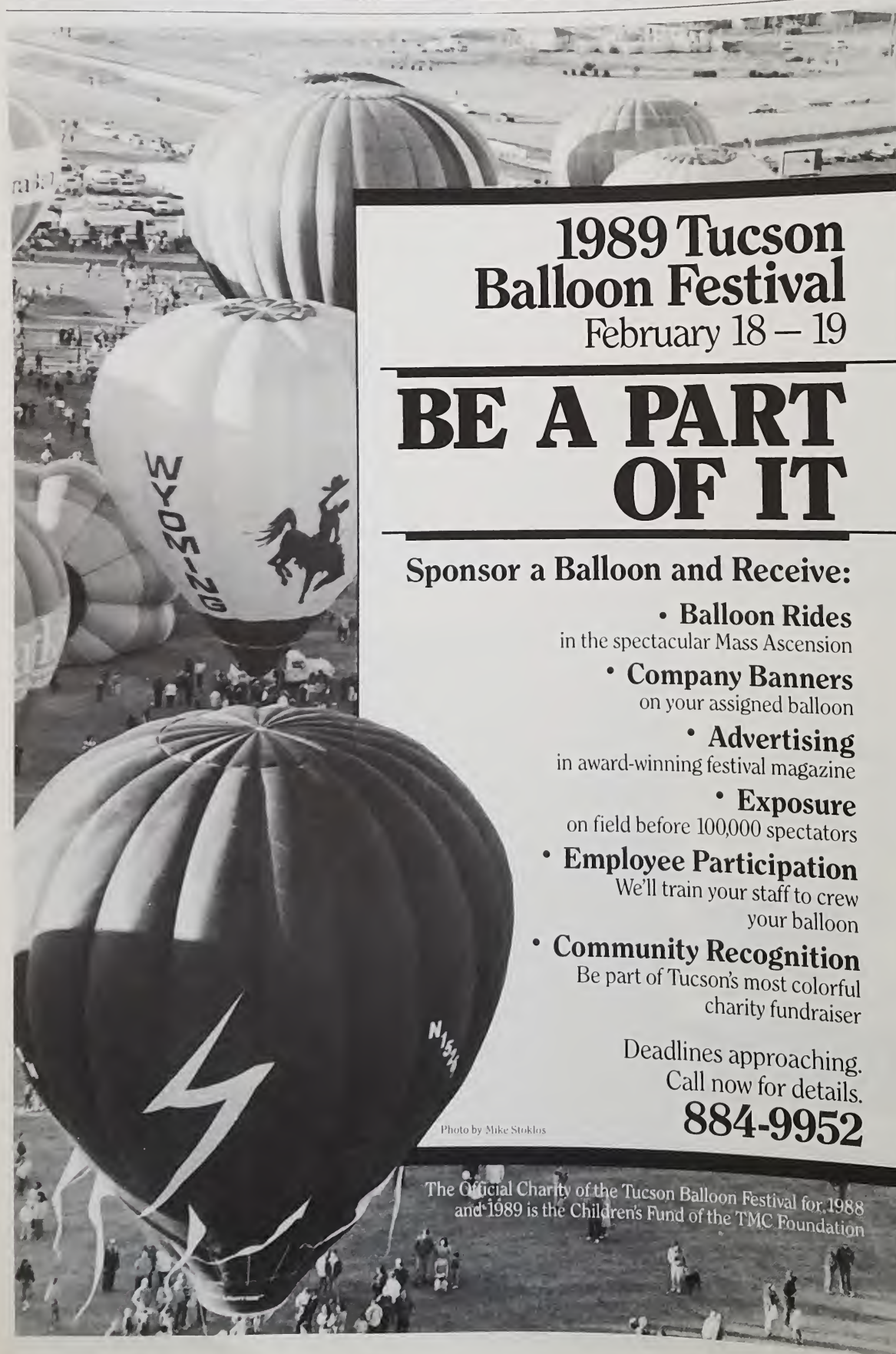
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Photo by Mike Stoklos

The Official Charity of the Tucson Balloon Festival for 1988
and 1989 is the Children's Fund of the TMC Foundation

HOWL

alry. Call for specifics,
1-384-2272.

Plant Sale Oct. 2

Sick of the brownish plants hanging limply in supermarket produce sections? Find hard-to-locate trees, shrubs, vines, groundcovers, wildflowers, cacti, succulents of all kinds, herbs and bedding plants that are healthy and affordable at the Tucson Botanical Gardens plant sale from 7-8:30 p.m. 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

Party on Down Oct. 2

Suffering the pangs of vinyl replays? Boogie to live home-town music when Reid Park (DeMeester Bandshell) comes alive with the 4th Annual Blues Festival. Tentative time is 2 p.m. Musicians clamoring for an attentive audience will be there, but at presstime we didn't have the list. Refreshments. Free. Co-sponsored by the Tucson Blues Society. Info, 791-4079.

Homespun Art Oct. 2

Loads of arts and crafts at this fair sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation at Ft. Lowell Park (Craycroft and Glenn) from 10:30 a.m.-4 p.m. Start your Christmas shopping early. Info, 791-5289.

Bisbee's Gems Oct. 7-9

Rare and unique minerals and gems for those hooked on stones are available for viewing and purchase. Downtown Bisbee (where else?). \$1 admission. Info on directions, 1-432-5511.

Healthy Seniority Oct. 8

For those on the plus side of fifty — a health fair providing information and a health screening in a festive atmosphere where you can also go on a shopping spree. Sponsored by University Medical Center at Park Mall from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Free. Info, 626-4271.

Casa Car Show Oct. 8

The largest special interest car show in Southern Arizona with over 500 automobiles on display — from cherry Chevys to glitzy sports cars. All proceeds benefit Casa de los Ninos crisis center for children. Free admission. Further info, 624-5600.

Art Rejects

Oct. 7-15

Bisbee's hosting a juried art show, featuring "Salon of the Refused." The title intrigues. Info on directions, 1-432-3397.

Homespun Art Oct. 7-9

Bored to depression prowling about for brand-name merchandise to give as gifts? The Ocotillo Artisans are holding their fall art festival, and they may have the solution to your shopping problem. Featuring sculpture, photographs, watercolors, batiks, gourmet foods, designer clothing, jewelry and accessories at the Tucson Galleria, 4690 N. Oracle Rd. Demonstrations and mini-workshops. Info, 742-2030.

Lobsters are Landing Oct. 8

Fresh Maine Lobsters will be arriving for your consumption to support the Tucson Association for Child Care's KIDLINE project. The pound-and-a-quarter crustaceans will cost \$10 each and must be pre-ordered and pre-paid by Oct. 3. All order blanks have super simple cooking instructions attached for those who burn water. Vitals, 881-3940.

Halloween Goodies Oct. 8

La Sertoma, a women's philanthropic organization, is sponsoring a day of every shopping for Halloween and Christmas goodies — crafts, plants and baked goods. An all-charity event, First Brethren Church, 201 N. Columbus 9-4 p.m. Info, 297-0632.

Antique Applications Oct. 10

Applications are being taken for the Nov. 1, Antique Fair at the Arts and Crafts Building in Ft. Lowell Park. Any time after 8 a.m. Get rid of clothes, furniture, bottles etc. collecting cobwebs in your closet. Increase your net worth at the same time. Info, 791-5289.

The Rites of Women Oct. 13

Hearings on women in the work force sponsored by the Tucson chapter of N.O.W. and the Tucson Women's Commission. Topics of discussion include sexual harassment, job discrimination, pay inequity, child care and others. We urge all men to attend. From noon-9 p.m. in the City Council Chambers. Free. Info, 624-8318.

Choice Chiles Oct. 15, 16

Vendors sell chile foods from around the world, salsas for every discriminating palate, chile fine arts, chile crafts, clothing and jewelry. Live music. Puppet shows and chile face painting for the kids. Adm., \$3 adults, \$1 children. \$5 for two days. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-4 p.m. All proceeds benefit Tucson Botanical Gardens and Native

Seeds/SEARCH. 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

Small Touches Oct. 15, 16

The 11th annual miniature craft show and sale begins with the theme "Country Fair." Find everything life has to offer in a scaled down version. Proceeds to benefit Comstock Children's Foundation. From 11 a.m.-5 p.m. at the Tucson Women's Club, 6245 E.

Bellevue. Cost: \$2. Info, 624-2088.

Grand Opening Oct. 16

"The Village" shopping plaza will celebrate its grand opening from afternoon to twilight with an array of fun men's and women's fashion shows, comedy, hair and makeup styling, prize drawings and food — Cajun, fresh pastas and cheeses. 2900 E. Broad-

Oktoberfest El Tour Style

Get ready for the ride of your life.

Carolyn Knoblock nine-to-fives it as a lawyer, but if you get her outside the Arizona Revised Statutes she's a human rocket on two wheels. Three years ago, she figured she'd try bicycling and entered El Tour, finishing in the bronze category (El Tour is at times a heavy metal kind of blowout). The next year she pedaled into a silver and last year she turned gold. She is the basic Maxicare El Tour de Tucson super-athlete—somebody pretty much like you, somebody who has to earn a living, who has a full schedule (she's president of the local chapter of the American Diabetes Association), and who, on the weekends, turns into a bicyclist. Right now, she's cranking up for El Tour in November and she ain't alone.

There are thousands of you and they all feel just like you do. They figure it'll be great to cycle around the city's edge. But there are these little things that maybe will make the whole experience a lot nicer. So they're getting ready. They've bought the new togs, checked out the special shoes, lubed the bearings, filled the tires rock hard. Now there's just one piece of equipment left to work on: their bodies. This is the time for fine-tuning all those cells, fibers and bones that enable people to tackle El Tour, Tucson's 109-mile two-wheeling caravan.

• First thing, on September 29 be at the Pima County Medical Society Building at 7:30 p.m. for a workshop on "Physical Aspects of Training." What does that mean? Well, how to get your body hard

without busting it all to pieces.

• A week later, on October 6, free-wheel down to the SPORTE-Atrium Bldg. at 5099 E. Grant at 7:30 p.m. for—are you ready?— "Psychological Elements of Training." Nobody's going to ask you your sign or put you through an ink-blot test, but you will get some tips on how to keep a smile on your face seventy-five-miles deep into El Tour.

• By October 13th you'll have a handle on tuning up those quadriceps and keeping bad thoughts from mucking with your steady pedaling. So come to the SPORTE-Atrium Bldg. again at 7:30 p.m. for a gonzo session called "Injury Prevention, Flexibility, & Bicycle Fit." Hey, you don't want to have everything going for you—a clean mind in a clean body—and then have some little niggling breakdown in the system put you off your pace.

• Life, fortunately, doesn't spin off injury. The way to any biker's heart is the core of the workshop on October 20, "Fuel Food For Cyclists." Let's eat. When you're out there with the whirl of the tires singing in your ears, you don't want to run out of gas. Come to the SPORTE-Atrium Bldg. at 7:30 p.m. and find out whether you should put Twinkies or rutabagas in your tank.

• Okay, it's October 27 and you're two weeks from blast off. Let's get down. Be at the Pima County Medical Society Building at 7:30 p.m. for "Energy Systems and Fluid Replacement," your guide to what you want from the pit crews as you rampage along the El Tour course.

Bop till you drop. □

CITY MAGAZINE

City Magazine is the host magazine of Maxicare El Tour de Tucson



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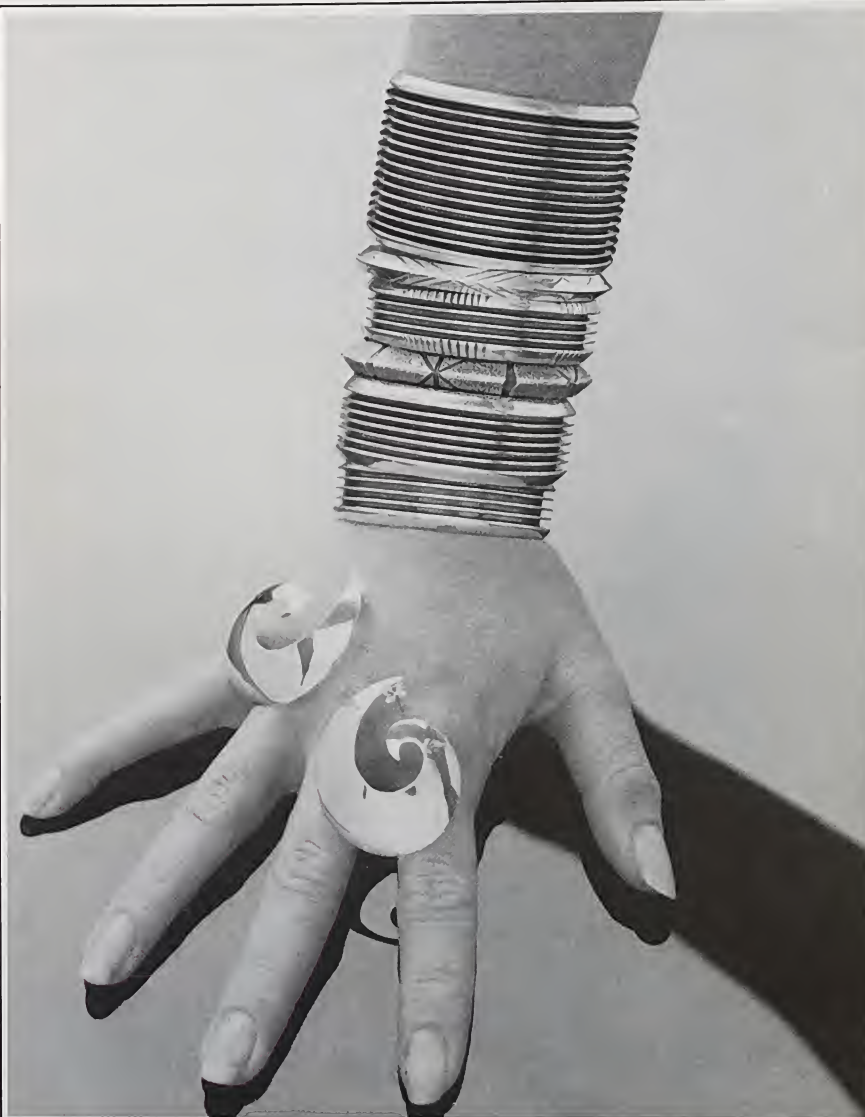
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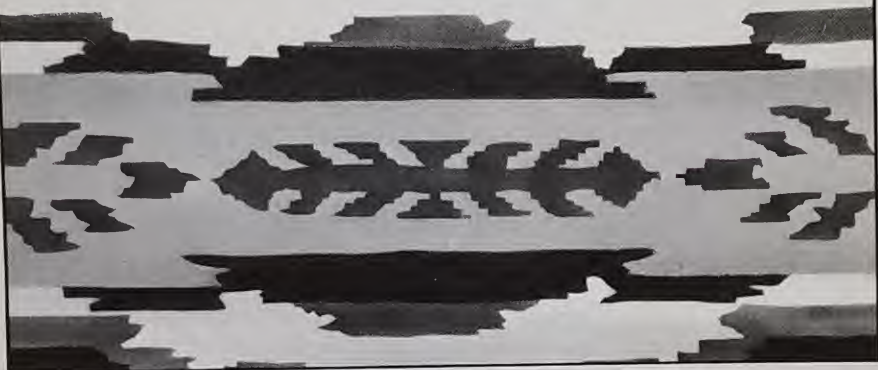


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WHERE TO HOWL

way. Info, 325-4620 or 323-8669.

Special Olympics

Oct. 16

The Southern Arizona Road Runners are running again. This time it's the 10th annual Special Olympics benefit, a 10-mile run with approx. 600 entrants ready to leap into action. Begins 7 a.m. at Sabino High School (500 N. Bowes Rd.). Sponsored by The Good Earth and Jim Click Automotive. \$7 SARC members; \$8 general. Entries must be postmarked 10/5. Late registration, \$10. Info, 744-6256.

Masqued Ball

Oct. 21

'Tis the fund-raising season, so pull out your wildest costume and support Ballet Arizona. Skyline Country Club, appropriately masquerading as a grand ballroom of yore, will be the setting for cocktails at 7 p.m., dinner at 8 p.m. The masqued revelers compete for best costume prize. Winner receives a trip to the San Francisco Ballet. Reservations, \$100 per couple. Info, 887-9077.

Heart Food

Oct. 25

Taste samples of cuisine from thirty of Tucson's finest restaurants and help out the American Heart Association at the same time. Thirty bucks buys your ticket and some good munchies. No telling what culinary creations these chefs are cooking up, but surely none loaded with the dreaded waxy C-word. From 6-9 p.m. at Ventana Canyon. Info, 795-1403.

Serious Gourmet

Throughout Oct.

Penelope's Restaurant Francais is presenting its second culinary tour. Their October menu will dance its way through the French countryside. Imagine — thick and thin butter sauces, real, chewy French bread, real butter. On Oct. 16th, a seven-course gourmet extravaganza will be offered. The cost is \$40 per person (tax and tip not included). Reservations required. If you can't afford Paris, this may be the next best thing. Info, 325-5080.

The First Americans

Oct. 23

Continuing the UA Artist Series, the American Indian Dance Theatre, composed of different tribes from various regions, presents an evening of traditional dances and mu-

sic. The dancers were all selected from important festivals, powwows and competitions. Take a trip back in time at 7 p.m. in Centennial Hall. Tickets, \$16, \$14. Available at TCC, Centennial Hall and Dillard's. Info, 621-3341.

Winning Wines

Oct. 27

Sample a smorgasbord of fine wines and champagnes, and cleanse your palate in between with cheese, crackers and fruit in the KUAT Sixth Annual Gala of Wines. Sponsored by the Wine Institute, the Wisconsin Milk Marketing Board and the Holiday Inn. All proceeds to benefit Southern Az. Public Broadcasting stations. Tickets, \$25. Info, 621-7637 or 621-7633.

Sounds of Silence

Oct. 27-29

Join this symposium on the Greater Pinacate Region — bringing together pros and laypeople who are concerned with preserving this great volcanic wilderness in northwestern Sonora. Held in Hermosillo, Mexico. Interested? Write: Carlos Nagel, 240 E. Limberlost, Tucson, AZ 85705 for registration.

Comin' Home

Oct. 28, 30

The festivities of the '88 Homecoming include seminars, campus tours, exhibits, a Friday night bash, parade and entertainment on the UA mall Saturday. The finale is the football game Sat. night between the Wildcats and the U. of Cal. Golden Bears. Good luck finding a ticket. For all those still nostalgic about life way back when.... Info, 621-3557.

Tortuga Books

5th Birthday Party

Oct. 29-30

Celebrate with authors, readers, and artists. 190 Tubac Road in Tubac. Info, 1-398-2807.

Neck-Benders

Through October

Step into 360-degree splendor and encounter Mars. This multi-media planetarium presentation traces martianmania within the past century. Otherworldly music enhances the story. Flandrau Planetarium. Adm., \$3.75 adults, \$3.00 seniors, students, children. Info, 621-STAR.

Streetwise

Through Oct.

Wind down your workday to

the tunes of popular local group Street Pajama at the Westward Look Lounge. One of the few groups whose dance music is their own — they've gotten past heavy-metal, punk, new wave and new-age without missing a beat. Tues.-Sat. 8:30 p.m. 'til closing. Info, 297-1151.

Coupons, Coupons

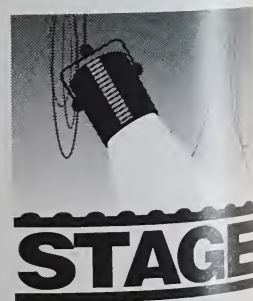
Through November

'Til the Christmas season, it's your chance to support the Tucson Boys Chorus. Buy a coupon book and save on entertainment, goods and services from 98 merchants. Savings are up to \$300. Cost \$5. Info, 296-6277.

UA Arizona State Museum

Through Feb. 1989

Entitled "Among the Western Apache: The Guenther and Goodwin Collections," this exhibit includes a painting by acclaimed Apache artist Duke Wassaja Sine, an extensive array of Apache pots, woven baskets, rugs, crafts and ordinary utilitarian artifacts generally overlooked by collectors. With historical documentation, 1860 through 1970. Info, 621-4895.



Invisible Theatre

Closing Oct. 2

The Business of Murder, a psychological thriller by Richard Harris, opens I.T.'s '88-'89 season. Similar in spirit to such Broadway hits as *Sleuth* and *Deathtrap*. Curtain, 8 p.m. Ticket info, 882-9721.

Symphonic Sounds

Oct. 6, 7

Violinists Ida and Ani Kavafian accompany the Tucson Symphony Orchestra in an evening of classical music. TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets, \$7-16. Info, 882-8585.

a.k.a. theatre co.

Closing Oct. 8

Crack-up by local playwright Peter Murrieta will, indeed, crack you up. About the life of a stand-up comedian, it's directed by Maggie Carnille. If conventional theater makes you gag, this place has your name on it. Tickets, \$7-12.

Congress. Curtain, 8 p.m.
Info, 623-7852.

Noontime Break

Oct. 12, 19, 26

Brown-bag it for the day and head toward El Presidio Park for their noontime concerts. Doesn't matter what they're playing, it's live and a break from the office. Free. Ends by 1:30 p.m., just in time to get back to work. Info, 791-4079.

In Recital

Oct. 17

The Tucson Symphony continues their In Recital Series, this time featuring a brass quintet, at 8 p.m. in St. Philip's Sanctuary at River and Campbell. Tickets, \$4, 5. Info, 882-8585.

The Arizona Opera

Oct. 20, 22

These people really know how to use their lungs. The Arizona Opera season begins with the classic *La Traviata* by Verdi at 7:30 p.m. in TCC. Tickets, \$9-\$36. Info, 293-4336.

T.A.C.T.-fully

Oct. 21-30

The Butler Did It, a spoof of English mystery plays, is performed by the Tucson Actors Civic Theatre. It concerns a society matron, Miss Maple, who entertains on weekends at her country home. She invites a group of detective writers and requests them to take on the personalities of their fictional characters.... Sounds like a good game of CLUE. Written by Tim Kelly, directed by Errol Dimenstein. Studio Y, 738 N. 5th Ave. \$6 general, \$2 seniors and students. Info, 299-8101 between 9 a.m.-3 p.m.

Goodtime Singing

Beginning Oct. 24

Dream of being in the glow of stage lights? The Tucson Goodtime Singers present "Vaudeville at the Gaslight," starting Oct. 24 at Gaslight Theater. Rehearsals are held on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. in the Title Security Bldg., 6390 E. Tanque Verde, and all women interested in participating are welcome. They specialize in shows for local organizations and sing "Balooney Tunes" for birthdays, anniversaries, divorces. *Anything* to celebrate. Get your pipes tuned up and try out. Info, 790-1813.

Classic Concert

Oct. 27, 28

The Tucson Symphony with violinist Elmar Oliveria in a performance of classical mu-

sic in TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets, \$7-\$16. Info, 882-8585.

Arizona Theatre Company

Oct. 29-Nov. 19

The season's premiere is *Cat on A Hot Tin Roof* by Tennessee Williams, master portraitist of the sick southern family. The plot goes like this: Take one big cotton planter on the Delta and a family reunion. Big Daddy's real sick, his son Brick and Brick's wife Maggie the Cat are in *serious suffering*, while Brother Man Gooper and Mae keep cranking out babies. After seeing this, you'll embrace your own nest — or shove those skeletons back in the closet for a while. Leo Rich Theatre, TCC. Info, 622-2823.

Classic Films

Through Oct.

UA Classic Film Series: Oct. 3, 4, "State of the Union" (1948) with dynamic duo Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn; Oct. 10, 11, "Days of Wine and Roses" (1962) will give you pause in a film about an alcoholic couple's misery, starring Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick; Oct. 17, 18, the legendary Marlene Dietrich and good guy Gary Cooper in "Morocco" (1930); Oct. 24, 25, a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Oklahoma!" (1955) starring Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones and Gloria Grahame; rounding out the month on Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 is "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948) with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell. Tickets, \$2. Series discounts available. Mon., 5:30 and 8:30 p.m. Tues., 7:30 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Bldg. Info, 621-1877.

Gaslight Theatre

Through Nov. 5

Comedy mishmash with a dose of slapstick is the medicine they'll administer in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Their version of horror is more palatable than the current blood-splatter on movie screens. A family affair. 7000 E. Tanque Verde. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.



Amerind Foundation

Through October

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors. Includes Otis Polelonema, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s.

Through October

"Navajo Ways" displays the arts and crafts of the Navajos, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles, silverwork, ceramics and watercolors. Most of the work dates back decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Ann Original Gallery

Oct. 1-30

"Impressions European," a show spotlighting the European themes and the impressionistic styles of artists Mary Schaefer, Connie Heng, Diana Davis and Ann Rodgers. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

Representing Luis Jimenez, Louis Carlos Bernal, Santiago Vaca, Fernando Joffroy, Alfred Quiroz, Cristina Cardenas. Plus "wearable art" — avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gonzo T-shirts with social comments and more. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

A Motion Studio

Through Oct. 5

Paintings and sculptures by Roger Alan from the "Rhythmic Window" series on display at Cafe Magritte, 254 E. Congress. Info, 884-8004.

Davis Gallery

Through Oct. 10

Featuring contemporary painting and works on paper by regional artists. Large and boldly colored works.

Oct. 13-Nov. 12

Paintings by George Welch, Pima Community College prof., are on view. Large and colorful. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6812 N. Oracle. Info, 297-1427.

Dinnerware Cooperative

Closing Oct. 2

This members' show exhibits the works of Judith D'Agostino, Curt Brill and Eleanor Kohloss.

Oct. 18-Nov. 6

Members' show featuring the works of Scheryle Simmons



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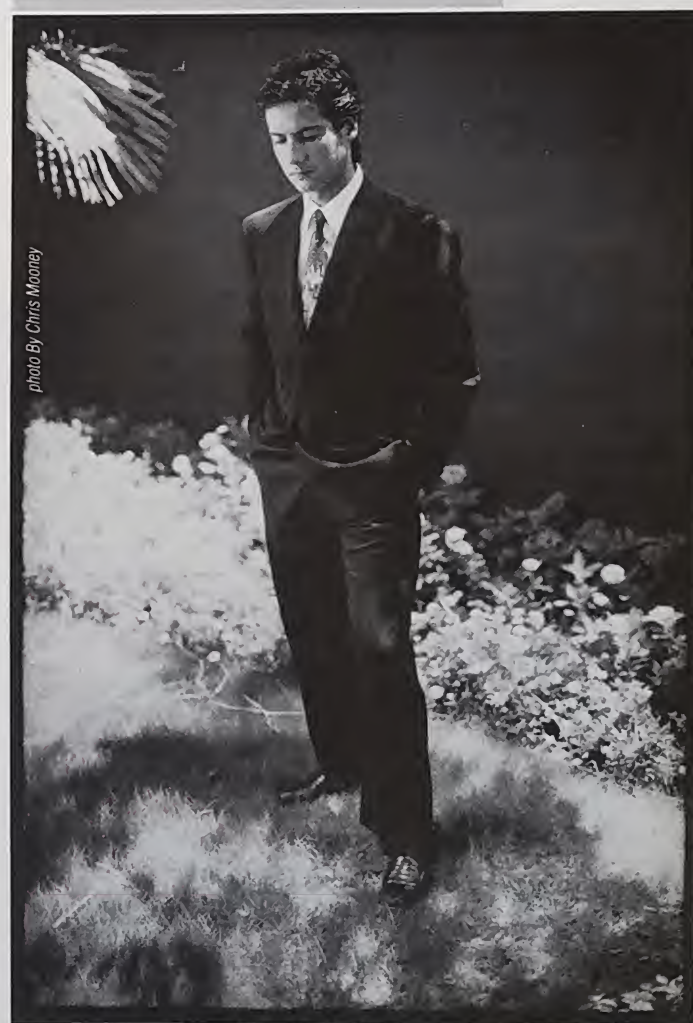


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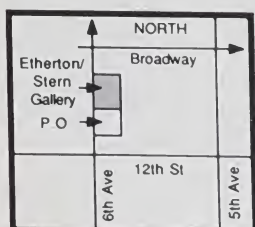


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A NEW VIEW



◆ **Etherton/Stern Gallery**
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WHERE TO HOWL

and Fernando Joffroy. Oct. 22.
reception from 7-9 p.m. 135
E. Congress St. Info,
792-4503.

Etherton/Stern Gallery **Opening Oct. 22**

Now that they're in the under-
belly of downtown with 4,000
square feet of space for your
viewing pleasure, E&S are
staging their gala opening
with three exhibits: Luis
Jimenez's huge murals, recent
prints, drawings and sculp-
ture; Debra Bloomfield's color
photographic visions of Diego
Rivera's wife's home. Entitled
"Frida's Blue House," Bloom-
field has captured images that
will surprise. And Paul
Strand's small photogravures
of Mexico, taken during the
1930s. Reception, 6:30-9:30
p.m. at Odd Fellows Hall, 135
S. 6th Ave. Ample parking.
Info, 624-7370.

GPI

Opening Oct. 14

The Group for Photographic
Intentions (GPI), a Tucson-
based photography co-opera-
tive, begins its season in their
newly acquired exhibition
space — Design Presentation
Associates. The photos of
Lynda Michalchik are on dis-
play. Reception, Oct. 14, 7-9
p.m. 31 North 6th Ave.

Ground Zero Gallery

Through Nov. 19

Local artist Robert A. Berk's
landscape paintings on view.
Where art tends toward off-
beat and odd. 222 E. Con-
gress. Tues.-Fri., noon-4 p.m.
Sat., 7-10 p.m. Also by appt.
Info, 624-5106.

Murphey Gallery

Through Oct.

A two-person show. Wilber
Gerow's oil and watercolor
paintings; Muriel Clayton's
contemporary primitive paint-
ings will be on exhibit. Recep-
tion, Oct. 2 from 2-4 p.m. At
St. Philip's Episcopal Church
at River and Campbell. View-
ing times — Tues., Thurs.,
and Sun. from 2-4 p.m. Info,
299-6421

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd. **Through Oct. 4**

The works of Beth Ames
Swartz in the Spotlight Gallery
in conjunction with the show-
ing of her "Moving Point of
Balance" show at the UA Mu-
seum of Art, a place where art
is polished and professional.

Oct. 8-Nov. 1

New works by gallery regu-
lars: Russell Hamilton, Mi-
chael Ives, Stuart Kraft, N.
Shreko Martin, Angus
Macpherson, Walter Piehl,

Howard Post, Nancy Prevo,
Andrew Rush, Barbara Smith
and Dan Vigil. Mon.-Sat., 11
a.m.-6 p.m. St. Philip's Plaza,
River and Campbell. Info,
299-6998.

Obsidian Gallery

Oct. 9-15

Time for "Art to Wear." The
collection of handmade cloth-
ing includes handwoven cot-
tons by Barbara Brandel, Ju-
dith Roderick's handpainted
silks and Susan Summa's
contemporary knits. Clothing
that's definitely not off
the rack.

Oct. 17-Nov. 5

Gallery regulars interpret im-
age, spirit and symbols in
clay, fiber, metal, jewelry,
glass and wood. A masked
opening will be held Oct. 22,
5-8 p.m. 4340 N. Campbell,
Suite 90. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-
5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

Mary Peachin's Art Company **Through Oct.**

Featuring Stuart Ashman's
contemporary southwestern
monoprints (a cross between
abstract and realistic) and
Amanda Lurie's large-scale
weavings — using an 8-har-
ness loom. (They kind of look
like shirts.) Is Williams Centre
becoming the new down-
town? You tell us. Mon.-Sat.,
10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 5350 E.
Broadway. 747-1345 or
881-1311.

Philabaum Glass Studio **& Gallery**

Through Oct.

Large off-hand glass blowing
will give you a new vision of
glass. Gonzo colors, incred-
ible techniques and crafts-
manship. Watch them work.
711 S. 6th Ave. Mon.-Fri., 10
a.m.-4 p.m. or by appt.. Info,
884-7404.

Rosequist Galleries

Opens Oct. 24

Paintings, drawings, prints of
the Southwest ranging from
the traditional to the innova-
tive. Representing more than
fifty-three artists, the gallery
offers something for every-
one. Valet parking from 5-8
p.m. at the opening of the
season. 1615 E. Ft. Lowell.
Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Info, 327-5729.

Subway Gallery

Closing Oct. 5

Featuring Ray Levra's oil, wa-
tercolors and woodcuts. The
subject matter? "Nature, real
and imagined" (if that helps).
Francine Monson's sculptural
delights — using clay and
metal. All happening down in
Bisbee at 34B Brewery Gulch.

Thurs.-Sun. 1-4 p.m. Info,
1-432-3797

Tohono Chul Park **Through Oct. 9**

Fourteen local designers,
craftspeople exhibit furniture
pieces ranging in style from
traditional Southwest to con-
temporary, from the graceful
curves of Queen Anne to the
rectilinear forms of Mackin-
tosh. The only common de-
nominator these folks have is
wood. By staining, gilding, in-
laying and carving they re cre-
ated one-of-a-kind pieces.
Even if your bookcases are
still wooden crates, don't
miss. Also, Cynthia Miller's
mixed-media drawings depict-
ing household objects are
on display.

Through Oct. 21

Sick of traditional reading?
Don't miss "Susan Gray An-
zona Sojourn," featuring
painted handmade papers that
are pseudo-books. Ragged
pages are layered and col-
ored, sewn or stapled like
an open book in abstract. On
Oct. 9, from 2-4 p.m. Gray will
demonstrate the art of making
paper and participants will
have the opportunity to make
their own.

Oct. 13-Nov. 27

Cy Lehrer travels all over the
world with his camera and
brings back faces and cul-
tures locked in strange, cultu-
rally obsessed expressions. The
time 'round it's "Maya
Earth, the Heavens, the
Gods": forty recent works
taken in the Yucatan. Mon.-
Sat., 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun.,
11 a.m.-5 p.m. Donation
suggested. Call for reception
date. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte
742-6455.

Tucson Community Cable **Corp. Oasis Gallery** **Through Dec. 15**

Their annual fall show will be
full of art — we just don't
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Tucson Museum of Art **Closing Oct. 2**

During a series of extended
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Creative Photography selected
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styles. Includes b&w and
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Spain, and whimsical, surrea-
listic gardens. Each photog-
rapher exhibits forty-plus works.

made during the last ten years. Find out what's happening across the Atlantic.

Through Dec. 4

They're featuring some fifteen prints from TMA's permanent collection by Spanish master Francisco Goya. Exhibited for the first time will be examples from his weird "Capriccios" and the shocking "Disasters of War" series. Sounds like we should be there.

Through Dec. 9

An exhibition of 27 paintings featuring oils on tin retablos depicting religious scenes. These "miniature masterpieces" from the 19th and 20th centuries are representative of the deep faith of the Mexican people. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery

Through Oct. 11

Well, they're calling this "Of Prickly Pears and Portraits." Cheryl McLeod's regional landscapes in pastels will define it better.

Oct. 14-Nov. 13

The Alumni Poster Contest — junior and senior graphic arts students compete for the honor of best poster design. See fresh views of contemporary life or slip back to the colorful imitations of poster guru Peter Max. Go. Regular Student Union Bldg. hours. Info, 621-3546.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery

Through Oct. 14

Curated by Michael Croft, UA art prof., this exhibition displays jewelry and metal works by artists from across the country.

Oct. 17-28

Students, graduates and faculty provide work for silent bidding in the UA Department of Art's Annual Silent Auction. On Oct. 28th, from 3-5 p.m. the public auction will be "vocal." Info, 621-7570.

830 Gallery

Oct. 3-14

Brian Meyers' mixed-media works and Rocky Dabosz's sculptures. Reception, Oct. 5, 4-6 p.m.

Oct. 17-28

Bobby Joe Scribner's sculptures; Lisa Schmidt's prints and Laura Yeager's prints on view. This gallery is a student-operated outfit, and features only work by undergraduate and graduate students. Give them an audience. Info, 621-1251.

UA Museum of Art

Through Oct. 18

An environment of seven paintings by Beth Ames Swartz: a Navajo medicine wheel, a "balancing room," colored lights and music, all based on Native American and East Indian principles of healing.

Through Oct. 18

David Paladin: "Altered States" consists of mythic paintings in sand and acrylic from the estate of this recently deceased Navajo artist whose images were inspired by Native American legends.

Through Oct. 25

Eighty-five drawings by 36 artists whose narrative and symbolic works continue the traditional Germanic interests in fantasy, myth and irrationality. Organized and circulated by Independent Curators, Inc. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-4 p.m. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Through Oct. 16

The Arizona Women's Caucus for Art is going through some "Rhythms and Blues." Based in Phoenix, they're coming down to show off 25-30 works from a closed competition.

Oct. 19-Nov. 16

Joe Labate's (UA MFA) recent color photos. Regular building hours. Info, 621-1414.

UA Union Gallery

Through Oct. 18

Winners from the 1987 Alumni Art Exhibition — Kim Alsbrooks, Gary Benna, John Cronk, Gail Marcus-Orlen. See what it takes to beat the field.

Oct. 28-Nov. 20

The annual exhibit features UA artists in their 10th annual alumni exhibition. A grab-bag of art work. Reception, Oct. 28, 3:30-5:30 p.m. UA Student Union, main floor. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Info, 621-3546.

Yuma Art Center

Oct. 1-31

Fifty of Dick Arentz's b&w photos documenting the stark landscapes of the Four Corners region are on view in the North galleries.

Oct. 1-30

Internationally recognized Native American artist Emmi Whitehorse of Santa Fe presents recent paintings and mixed-media drawings on paper which explore an abstract view of the landscape. 281 Gila Street, Yuma. Info, 1-783-2314.



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ARTS

AIDS

The Grand Lady of Dance helps carry the fight to the Foothills

BY LAURA GREENBERG



Martha Graham, 1984.

Late summer, and New York City smothers in a wet wrap of heat and humidity. At the Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance on the gentrified Upper East Side, the young, toned members of the troupe are dropping from exhaustion in the heat. Miss Graham, at age ninety-four a portrait of frail grandeur, remains cool as ever.

She founded her center sixty-two years ago, and the avant garde frontiers of movement she explored have become the basis for all modern dance in the world. She has been compared to Picasso and Stravinsky in her unquestionable dominance of her art. She taught Merce Cunningham and Twyla Tharp. Mikhail Baryshnikov and Rudolf Nureyev have knelt at her feet in humility. Arizona's Sen. Dennis DeConcini has called her a national treasure, and next month she will bring her esteemed company to Tucson for the first time—performing for charity.

The cause is AIDS. The sponsors are the merchants of the posh St. Philip's Plaza and Gadabout salons.

AIDS has reached the Foothills.

Recently, AIDS charity events hosted by the likes of the purple-eyed and baubled Liz Taylor and glittering rock stars have become trendy in heavily populated cities. But in Pima County—where the disease is expected to claim a life a day by 1991—the Tucson AIDS Project has had to rely on the good will of bureaucrats, small arts groups and local rock bands to beat the drum. Outside of East Congress or North Fourth or a politically powerless gay community, AIDS has not been a fashionable cause here.

Martha Graham has no concern for fashion. She bristles at the word on the phone from New York. Fashionable? She is coming here to raise awareness, money and empathy for an illness that is killing people. "Ever since I heard

it, I've been involved," she says. "I'm a doctor's daughter. It's not a fashionable cause at all, it's a deep concern—they're living human beings. It's a plague that is difficult, and I love human beings so much that I will do anything I can for them."

But Marshall Burke understands the impact that a woman of such stature can bring to a community that seems to think AIDS is a worry for others—for homosexuals and heroin addicts, not solid citizens of standing. As marketing director of the Tucson AIDS Project, Burke wants to talk to these people. He wants to disabuse them of the notion that this is a political disease or the retribution for moral conduct; he wants to talk to them about their own sons and daughters, about acknowledging recreational sex lives and designer drug shooting that have made Tucson a mecca of rehab centers.

Every day the dailies drag out the latest sad stories across the country—children stuck in bubbles in their classrooms, families ostracized, young men and women who die alone. But right here in Pima County, more than 5,000 people have tested HIV positive; three-fourths of them will develop AIDS in the next ten years and die. And that's only the number of people brave enough to risk the stigma of public

Martha Graham's ties to the Southwest span six decades, and many of the 177 ballets she has choreographed are rooted in its culture.

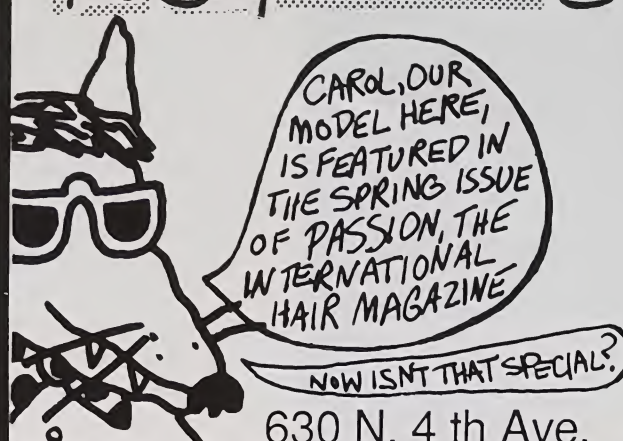
exposure by taking the test.

The eighty-two clients at the Project who have contracted the disease range in age from three to eighty-three. Burke wants a billboard to tell people about the fifty-three-year-old mother of four who got a death sentence from blood transfusions; the babies born with the illness because their mothers shot drugs in their younger, wilder days. He says the results of the '80s sexual romp will start showing up in heterosexuals in the late '90s. Already HMOs and hospitals are buckling under the bills; insurance companies are attempting to place AIDS in exclusionary categories along with sky-diving and Soviet nuclear attacks.

When the Tucson AIDS Project began in 1985, it had twelve good soldiers volunteering their time and no money. In 1988, it has gained recognition in the form of \$350,000 from the Arizona Department of Health Services, has four paid staffers and 252 trained volunteers. But it's not enough. And Martha Graham commands the kind of respectability to bring about a pirouette in the community conscience.

Martha Graham's ties to the Southwest span six decades—she used to visit friends Georgia O'Keeffe and D.H. Lawrence in New Mexico in the 1920s—and many of the 177 ballets she has choreographed are rooted in its culture. She has been an annual winter visitor to Tucson since her younger sister—now in her eighties—moved here ten years ago. She also is friends with Mark Bahti, who in his St. Philip's store follows the Indian jewelry trade started by his father Tom. Mark serves on her company's board along with Annenbergs, Rothschilds, Betty Ford, Gregory Peck and Elizabeth Taylor.


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ARTS

Her friendship with Mark Bahti began when "we just went to the shop, it was as simple as that.... It meant so much, he was so alive with us. So I gleaned everything I could from him, asked him questions, about the legends of the Southwest, not only the Indians, but the Mexicans and so on. They seemed to be so pure in themselves and so exciting to me—coming from a big city like New York—some of the legends are so unbelievably beautiful, and I identified myself with them."

A descendant of Miles Standish, she has made her own indelible mark on the nation. It has not been without controversy. Earlier in her career, when she first toured Europe for the State Department, she created a scandal because the American politicians in the audience felt the movements were

excessively erotic. Senators and congressmen called for her return, "because she was representing the United States in a sexually erotic way," says an associate. *Life Magazine's* banner headline asked the country: "Is Martha Too Sexy For Export?"

Miss Graham responded elegantly at a Brussels press conference: "I always thought eroticism was a beautiful word." A Martha Graham ballet is not tutus and lonely princesses, it's bare, rippled torsos and raw emotion. Her studio is nicknamed "The House of Pelvic Truth."

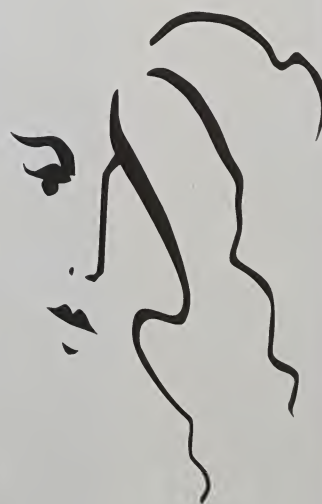
"The type-casting of the old-fashioned theater has never existed for Martha....," wrote former student Marian Seldes in the *New York Times*. "New works and old, brilliant use of artists—musicians and seamstresses, sculptors

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and scene painters—working toward one goal: to bring the audience an experience they can have in no other way, the experience of sharing a live performance born out of a single artist's vision."

She is a diminutive woman with immense presence: pale skin that looks chiseled out of marble; high forehead, penetrating hazel eyes, aquiline nose and tight crimson lips. The brown hair fans behind her like an Oriental sculpture.

She has created actors as well as dancers. Her students have included Bette Davis, Kirk Douglas, Gregory Peck, Tony Randall, Rip Torn, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Richard Boone, Lorne Greene, Joanne Woodward, Madonna, Diane Keaton, Liza Minnelli and Woody Allen (who quipped: "For me, it was wonderful. For everyone else, it was hilarious").

Wrote Seldes: "Martha's class was like no other. Punctuality, cleanliness, and perhaps godliness came with us into that long studio.... What Martha used most was her own self. That small frame taut with human desire, languid with super-human feeling, was transformed into a siren, a figure of doom, a saint, a poet, a prankster, an American pioneer. Her sexuality could amaze and shock. Her comic sense could be equally surprising.

"In 1969, when Martha stopped dancing, many who knew and loved her thought the company might die. They thought Martha might die.... But she battled her way out of her misery, fashioning her eloquent roles for younger dancers....

"Here is Martha in her nineties, her noble tininess clothed in robes that she makes regal. She gazes at the audience. She smiles her smile. Like an actress, she waits for the moment to bow...showing the audience the nape of her neck. Vulnerability learned from the invincible Martha."

This is the Martha Graham Tucsonans will see on November 7, when her company performs at 8 p.m. in Centennial Hall at the University of Arizona. "I love Tucson," she says. "I've always wanted the company to perform there. The desert, when I first went there, it was so extraordinary, and I grew very much accustomed to it. I see the land...to me it's an entirely different world. And I excerpt it, particularly coming from New York City."

She is arriving on the heels of yet another outcry from Congress, this time over a proposal by DeConcini to put \$7 million in the federal budget to archive her works on film or video tape and expand her Manhattan studio so she doesn't have to turn students away and trip over dancers rehearsing in hallways.

"The woman is ninety-four years

old, and she's a national treasure," the senator told the *Arizona Daily Star*. "She deserves this assistance and we don't have a lot of time to help her out."

But the effort drew fire because DeConcini's son-in-law works for a Washington lobbying firm that represents the dance company. It also was opposed because it circumvented the traditional arts funding body, the National Endowment for the Arts, which rejected Graham's request several years ago. It was recently stripped from the budget by a House Appropriations subcommittee.

Martha Graham said she was thrilled by DeConcini's description of her, but didn't want to go into the politics of the matter. "I'm grateful, but I don't enter into politics at all—that or religion—because I feel people have their own world and I don't know politics and perhaps I'd better stay out of it."

But she doesn't shy away from the politics of AIDS. Whatever funds are generated by her performance here will go to the Tucson AIDS Project. Its goal is to set up educational programs to prevent the spread of the disease and to establish group homes for AIDS

sufferers, including a hospice-type setting for those in the final stages.

With one humble bow, the stage lights revealing the alabaster nape of her neck, Martha Graham may move the fight against AIDS north of River Road. □

Tickets will be available at all Gad-about salons, St. Philip's Plaza shops and the Tucson AIDS Project. A private champagne reception will be held at the plaza after the performance.

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EAT

L.A. ETHNIC

Unlike Phoenix, the place has some redemption

BY EMIL FRANZI



Spent two weeks on my old home turf—the San Gabriel Valley in Los Angeles County east of Los Angeles City—learning the car wash business with my associates, Larry Kramp and Greg Lee. When Greg and brother Ross first approached me on this venture, they were concerned that I might be turned off by the supposed “low status” of the industry. As a guy who’s spent most of his life around politicians, bureaucrats, lawyers and reporters, I consider honest and productive work like making cars cleaner akin to social climbing. My column, I plug my car wash. Waterway; full service; detailing available; 2415 S. Kolb Rd.; come in or else.

As part of the process, Larry, Greg and I were housed in a Comfort Inn in the city of Glendora. It gave me the first chance I’ve had in some time to look over parts of the LA metro area where I grew up too long ago to mention.

We’ve got a cliché that says, “Don’t let Tucson become another Phoenix or LA.” I agree, but we do LA a grave injustice. Unlike Phoenix, it has some redeeming characteristics. For openers, you get an ocean. Not much anybody can do about that one, unless some developer knows something I don’t or if they’re about to screw up the CAP and give us our own Salton Sea.

Most important to this column, you get an incredible assortment of restaurants. While Phoenix homogenizes, LA diversifies. The ethnic food possibilities in the Los Angeles area are almost endless, and I grabbed for as many as I could.

I get asked, “How come you Rednecks eat ethnic foods?” Simple. Cultural exchange. You think Americans are the only Rednecks? Ever meet an Australian, or a French-Canadian, or a Filipino, or a Basque? Remember, Bron-

son and Eastwood made it big over-eas BEFORE they were stars here. Yuppies are outnumbered everywhere. So here is what Tucson can look forward to eating, with a little of that planned growth every pol yacks about:

INDONESIAN

Thai Teak, 992 E. Alosta Blvd., Azusa. Serves OK Thai food and tries Indonesian Rijstafel, but doesn’t do it off carts a la Dim Sum but from a large tray. Food similar to Thai, but less garlic (if any). Side sauce, based on red peppers, was force six and of interest to heat seekers. Score one we need here.

ARMENIAN

Aladdin’s, 1330 Alosta Blvd., Glendora. Not sure these folks really WERE Armenian. I mean if you were Iranian and lived in a state with a guy named Deukmejian.... Heavy on lamb, rice flat bread, and kabobs. Pretty good spiced sausage. Humos and yogurt present, but not as ubiquitous as in Greek food. Average Middle Eastern stuff, but wouldn’t mind one more around here.

BASQUE

Centro Basco, 13492 Central Ave., Chino. Mountain folks from the country between Spain and France, in case you didn’t know. Hearty food heartily served. Big on chicken, chops and steaks—grilled, fried and roasted. Basque serving methodology endears them to a Redneck heart. With dinner each table gets a soup tureen, a bottomless basket of sourdough bread, a salad bowl, and platters of potatoes, vegetables and spaghetti (tomato-sauced without Italian seasonings). Then you get the big hunk of meat. Lots of food well prepared, reasonably priced. Should be priority acquisition. Contact the Tucson Economic Development

Corporation now.

ISLAMIC CHINESE

China Islamic Restaurant, 7727 E. Garvey Ave., Rosemead. There are Moslem folks up by Tibet related to the Turks called Uigur. Like the Basques, they're big on lamb. No pork allowed on the premises. Run by a Moslem family from Taiwan. The two sisters who serve as waitresses wore veil-like garments with faces exposed, and served food which is different, and much heavier, than other Chinese. Several varieties of soup (almost stews) come in at about four bucks a bowl—sufficient to feed two or three by itself. A round sesame bread built up in layers about fifteen inches across and four or five inches high is also served for \$4.50; weighs in at about three pounds, and with the soup is almost enough to finish hearty eaters. But not quite. A lamb and scallion plate, loaded with garlic, finished me. Great food, unique, acquisition need as above.

AMERICAN FOOD CHAIN

Millie's. Seventeen locations throughout Southern California. I usually ignore chains, but this was way above average. Real food, well done, large quantities, good prices. Breakfast special, two pork chops and eggs—\$4.75. Best real food lunch menu I've seen for months, with such delicacies as chicken-fried steak, corned beef hash, chicken w/ dumplings, w/ biscuits and in pot pie. All served with a huge hunk of good corn bread. Would trade ALL Bob's (since abolition of Big Boy), most Denny's and a Toros utility infielder for one of these babies.

MEXICAN

Took years to find one in Phoenix worth mention. Took first day in San

Dimas. Zendejas, 665 W. Arrow Highway (owned by a Houston Oiler). Great menu, Tucson-user friendly. Not quite Mi Nidito, but damn close.

JAPANESE BAR B Q

Mandarin Garden, where Garvey and Atlantic meet in Alhambra. Kramp and I stumbled into this one, attracted by the \$7.99 all-you-can-eat sign. Dig this—under 3' tall, free; under 4' 6", half-price. Couldn't tell what kind of Oriental place it was until we spotted the Sumitomo Bank clock, the Asahi beer poster, and the hot sake machine. Observed we were only two gringos in a crowd of 100-plus. Good sign. Waiter lit grill in center of table. You go get raw beef, chicken, shrimp, squid, veggies etc. and cook your own stir-fry. Lots of other options, from soup and egg rolls to ice cream. We could REALLY use one of these. And it leads to this theory.

A few years back one of these places had a slow night. Half dozen yuppies wandered in. The waiter was taking a break. Yups loaded up raw stuff, went back and began scarfing it down before grill got lit. Hideki looked at Yashimoto, and they both got the same idea—hey, these turkeys don't know the difference. Pull the beef and chicken, put out that tuna that's been sitting around in the freezer, and jack up the price. Thus you have the birth of the sushi bar.

And if any of you don't believe that, all Kramp and I have to tell you is that we were in a room with over a hundred real Japanese. And they were all cooking their food. □

Political strategist Emil Franzi has left county employment to take a real job running a car wash.

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From the outside, Capriccio's looks like one of those strip center buildings where they fix '65 Chevys or teeth. Because of that, I've driven by the place for years without giving it much of a thought—certainly I never thought of celebrating my father's birthday there.

But inside, the six of us—two seniors, two teenagers and two, uh, middle-age fogies—found some of the best food we've tasted on three continents. Maybe I should have been tipped off by the large white Lincoln and the yellow Cadillac in the lot, driven by owners Rocco Corrado and Tony Massenti. Tony and Rocco left their respective jobs as maître d' and sous chef at the Gold Room at Westward Look in 1983 to transform the old Cicero's into a haven for high-end Italian continental dishes, and they have succeeded.

We had delicious appetizers of sliced tomatoes on a bed of ricotta with basil that the sixteen-year-old in our party pronounced as excellent as anything she tasted on a recent trip to Italy. The birthday boy declared his fettuccine con pesto the best pasta he remembered since Chicago in the thirties. For years, the family has been searching for fettuccine alla carbonara—noodles with bacon, prosciutto, onions and cream—to match that served by a favorite family haunt back in New Jersey. Capriccio's version missed, but it was close enough to re-awaken the tastebuds.

The main-course roast duckling with Grand Marnier and green peppercorn sauce, on the other hand, satisfied the thirteen-year-old's search for the fowl that had stood unrivaled since his first encounter with it on the Orient Express. The peasant stew, giambotta alla Trattoriana, also was amazing—a regal blend of large chunks of beef tenderloin and bite-sized pieces of sausages and succulent roast chicken, surrounded by mushrooms, peppers and onions. A dry stew, that came alive as

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it passed the lips. Our resident fish expert, a woman who generally passes harsh judgments on our desert seafood offerings, was lavish in her praise of the sole. The birthday boy happily consumed sauteed scallops and shrimp in oregano and garlic butter sauce, perhaps an indulgence at age seventy-six. Two other shrimp dishes garnered equal raves.

Water glasses were kept brimming; the service was extremely attentive without being obstreperous. The wine steward was practiced; a bottle of 1984 Collavini white chardonnay was just fine—\$17 from an extensive wine list that featured many in that price range, but also some hundred-dollar vintages. In fact, the pricetag for the whole experience was reasonable—six pleased, well-fed diners got out for \$135 plus tip. (We skipped dessert for a birthday cake at home.)

Even on a Monday night, the restaurant was busy and noisy. That may be a testament to Capriccio's popularity—people were being turned away—but the clamor detracts from an otherwise delightful evening. Another minor flaw is that all this elegant food and service doesn't live in an equal ambiance. If they spruced the place up a bit, Capriccio's would be unbeatable.

Entrees, \$9.75 to \$17; appetizers \$3-\$6.95. Major credit cards; wheelchair access; no non-smoking section. Reservations suggested. 887-2333.
—Love to Eat.

Alpine Inn Summerhaven, Mt. Lemmon

The plans were made: Six of us were

heading up to Mt. Lemmon to spend a weekend in a rented cabin. We knew the road-construction hours and when the Catalina Highway would be open, we knew when to meet and who was riding with whom. But we were stumped on what to eat. The cabin had a kitchen, but did it have pots and pans? Did it have cooking utensils? To be safe and bring everything we might need, we might need another van. Then the debate started on what we wanted to cook.

Fortunately, someone remembered the Alpine Inn in Summerhaven. Why not enjoy mountain life with a menu and napkin in hand, and a waiter to fill your water glass? Of course. A nearly perfect idea. Nearly perfect because we knew there were risks involved. Prices might be a little inflated—up there on top of a mountain, a little extra overhead and not a whole lot of competition can go a long way to boost the dollar digit before the ".95" on the price of a burger. We had heard the place was now under new management, but there still lingered vivid memories of the old Alpine and the hard-drinking, ex-sixties, mountain-man-biker-types that used to populate the place and fraternize with the help. But we also remembered some good food. We decided to risk it and nixed the pots and pans.

We found the place much expanded, with more tables, and the bar remodeled. Chalk up a first-impression plus. But it was Saturday night and fairly busy, and the waiter warned us that with our large group (Six!) our orders might take a while. Chalk up a minus.

The menu looked great, with a Mixed Bavarian Grill featuring native knackwurst

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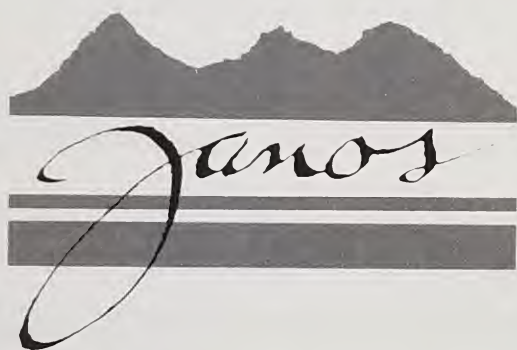
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made by someone who lives on Mt. Lemmon, mountain-man-sized buffalo burgers, home-made hellfire green chile (with rattlesnake meat), barbecued chicken and ribs, beef Stroganoff, and, on the appetizer list, the Alpine's own Swiss fondue.

The fondue came early and was unanimously declared delicious. That somewhat mitigated what turned out to be a fifty-minute wait for the rest of our meal. When the orders did come, some were cold, and major disappointment threatened to set in. But after some plates were diligently sent back to be warmed up, the quality and flavor of the food made a last ditch rally and carried the day for most of us. The bill totaled \$70 for six people, with no booze.

Half of us tried again the next morning for breakfast. Tasty, but a bit pricey, and the *three-egg* omelettes must have come from some very small Alpine chickens.

A mixed review? I suppose so, but try this: Leave Tucson for a couple days of pine trees and luxurious cool air; sit down in a little wooden inn with a pointed roof; watch people walk around in hiking boots and flannel shirts, and then try to complain. I'm sorry, it can't be done. I'll be back. Open 7 days for breakfast, lunch and dinner. MC, Visa. 576-1500.
—Triplane.

Las Margaritas 6011 N. Oracle

South Fourth Avenue it ain't, but for North Side suburban Mexican fare, Las Margaritas will fill you up with pleasant, sturdy standards

in a pleasant, muted earth-tone setting. If you're a purist, you may want to overlook the banana and peach margaritas served by uniformed waitresses.

There's a variety of combo plates, from \$4.50-\$7.95, usual dishes of enchiladas, chimis, burros, tostadas and tamales—with empanadas and sopapillas for dessert. The salsa is hot. There's some unusual touches, too: the soup may be elbow macaroni with a chicken base. A house specialty is the gordita, a deep-fried, thick corn patty served like a tostada. It is interesting, but well-hidden in a field of shredded lettuce. Warning: if you order a large tostada, better be starving. This baby is LARGE.

A strong argument for Las Margaritas is their two dining rooms. The main one, with comfy booths, is more secluded but still carries the conversations of your fellow diners to your table. Across the hall is the bar—popular with the lunch and after-work set, but also a dandy place to eat. Same good booths and a raised platform of tables, with a view of the main attraction—a large-screen TV that brings you life-size NFL while you devour your food. It's almost as good as being at the ballgame, and chimis beat the hell out of warmed-over hot dogs. Two can eat well and have plenty of change from a twenty.

Major credit cards, wheelchair access, non-smoking section. Seldom a wait. 297-8341.

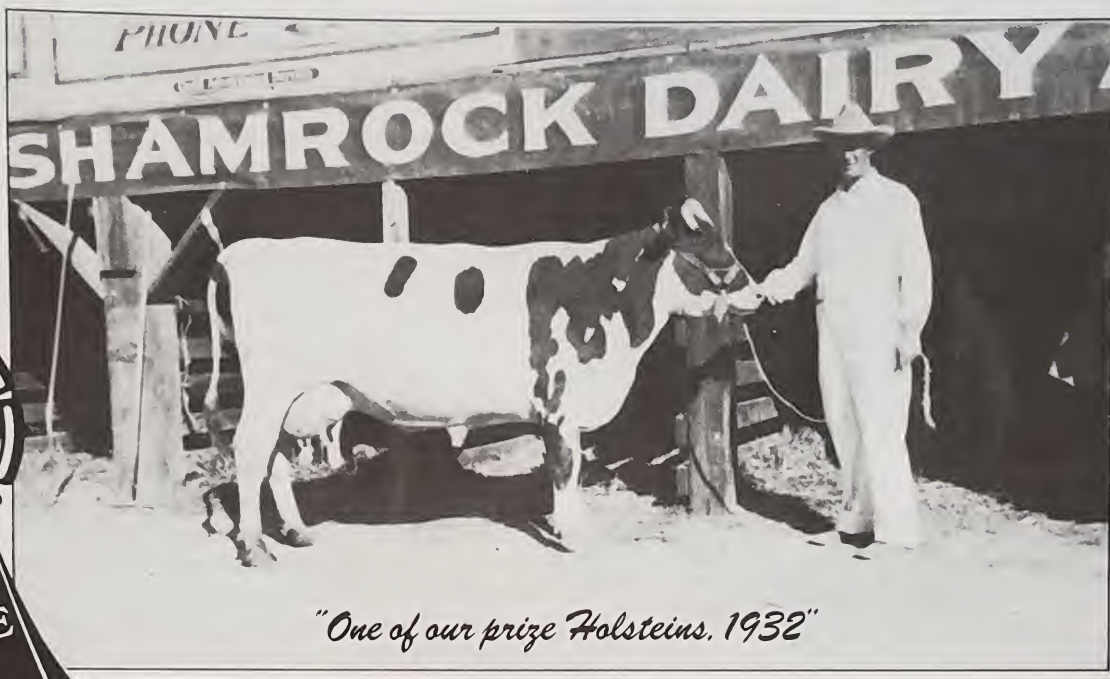
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Gary Tison, 1975. Arizona Republic photo, reproduced by permission.

Who Runs The Joint?

*In the summer of 1978
escapee Gary Tison and his sons
terrorized Arizona. How did a man
who had killed a guard and repeatedly
tried to escape get to be a trusty
in the state pen?*

By James W. Clarke

Excerpted from *Last Rampage: The Escape of Gary Tison*,
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Around 8:30 a.m. on Sunday, July 30, 1978, Ray Tison, eighteen, told a guard at Arizona State Prison in Florence that he wanted to visit inmate 28354, his father Gary Gene Tison, age forty-three. He found his father with Randy Greenawalt, twenty-nine, a serial killer who had made a brief career out of murdering truck drivers. Soon they were joined by two other visitors: Ricky Tison, nineteen (named because his mom loved watching "Ozzie and Harriet") and Donny Tison, twenty. The boys had come armed, they planned to spring their father. By 9:20 a.m. the entire group had overpowered the guards and was driving away, setting off one of Arizona's biggest manhunts. The breakout captured the attention of the state and nation because it had been executed by Tison's three sons, who before that morning had no criminal record. And because of what began to happen after the breakout.

It is nearing midnight on the ninety-mile empty stretch of highway between Yuma and Quartzite. John Lyons, a Marine stationed in Yuma, his wife Donna, his twenty-three-month-old son Christopher, and John's fifteen-year-old niece Terri Jo are driving home in their Mazda to visit family in Nebraska. A man by the road flags them down. It is the night of July 31/August 1 and the man by the road is Ray Tison.

— The Editor

"Please don't hurt my family," John Lyons pleaded. "If you just tell us what you want us to do, we'll just sit here until midafternoon. Jesus, don't kill us."

Ricky later said, "Dad said he was thinking about what to do with these people. He said something like, 'I'm thinking about it,' and he was thinking about it real hard...."

When Gary took that last deep drag on his cigarette, he had made his decision. "Randy, come over here," he called. Gary herded the family into the back seat of the Tisons' Lincoln.

"Randy and Dad went to the back of the Lincoln and just conversed," Ricky said. "My dad had the sixteen-gauge and Randy had a twenty-gauge."

Probably eight or nine shots were fired in the first volley, which was broken only by the seconds it took the two killers to dig into their pockets, reload, and resume firing a second volley, and then a third. They fired the first shots from the waist, gangster style.

Donna was first hit in the chest. Christopher, twenty-three months, was standing on the floor between her legs, facing her, with his arms around her waist. Dying but still conscious, she bent over, gathering him closer in an attempt to shield him with her body. The first shot was followed by multiple others to the back of her head and shoulders. When Donna lost consciousness, she toppled sideways against Terri Jo, fifteen, who was huddled in the corner, exposing the baby pressing against her stomach.

Approximately sixteen shots had been fired when the shooting stopped.

When it was over, Greenawalt walked back to the Mazda. The brothers were stunned. Using his gruffest voice, he told the boys to "load up" and "get in the back seat." They did, as if they were in a trance. Two more shots shattered the silence. Startled, Ricky snapped around in the direction of the shots and saw Gary leaning over next to the right rear window of the Lincoln. The two shots he heard killed Christopher Lyons. Partially protected by the back of the front seat and his mother's body, Christopher was still unharmed when the original shooting stopped. Then Gary, pausing to check the grisly remains for signs of life, either saw him move or heard him sobbing. He leaned in real close. The muzzle was no more than a few feet away when he pulled the trigger. Twice.

Donny, Ricky and Ray Tison were sitting numbly in the back seat of the Mazda when Gary walked over and lit another Pall Mall. Standing with his back toward them, he urinated for what seemed a long time, the shotgun cradled in the crook of one arm. Then he got in, squeezing his thick body uncomfortably into the small bucket seat where Donna Lyons had been sitting.

"Okay, let's get outta here," he said.

During the Christmas holidays in 1977, nearly eight months before the escape, Gary Tison's sister Kay Wolfe received a long letter from Gary. He wrote that he was completing a script for a movie that would be based on a history of their family and their travails since they moved west from Oklahoma. He said it would also include a final segment about what he described as his "perfect" escape from prison. The escape that Gary described did sound exciting to Kay. The way it was planned, Gary would be flown to Mexico in a plane that would be waiting on a runway not far from the prison. At first, Kay wasn't sure if he was serious or had just plugged the idea into the story to liven it up. Gary went on to say that he had instructed a friend to give her the script in the event he was killed in the attempt. That, she thought, sounded pretty serious.

That same month Gary also wrote a letter to his brother Joe and had Ricky deliver it. In that letter, he explained the general outline of his escape plan. He told Joe that he wanted either a Dodge or Chevy van equipped with survival gear; automatic weapons, preferably AR-15s; and between \$5,000 and \$10,000 cash in denominations of fives, tens, and twenties. And finally, he said that he wanted Joe to have a plane ready to fly him to Mexico. In return for Joe's help in the escape, Gary agreed to arrange the murder of an inmate who was scheduled to testify against Joe in an upcoming grand jury investigation of narcotics operations in Pinal County. That part would be easy; Gary had done it before.

A few weeks after Kay Wolfe re-

ceived Gary's letter about his movie script, a curious event occurred at the Arizona State Prison. On January 18, 1978, inmate Bobby Tuzon was transferred from the main prison to the medium-security Trusty Annex across the road. It seemed like a routine transfer, and maybe it was. Tuzon was serving a twenty-year sentence for second degree murder. That was his first offense, and his prison record was good. Tuzon was assigned a job as a cook.

His mentor, the person who was to teach him his new job, was to be Gary Tison. He was also assigned a room next to Tison's. Not remarkable — except that Gary was looking for a pilot to fly his escape plane, and Bobby Tuzon was the only licensed pilot in the entire prison population.

If Tuzon's transfer to the Annex seemed, on the surface, unremarkable, Gary's presence was not. Tison had begun his life sentence in maximum security in 1967 for prison guard Jim Stiner's murder. He had spent a long time in solitary confinement. Before murdering Stiner, he had made three previous escape attempts. Then, after three years of unsuccessful requests, Tison was transferred to the medium-security Trusty Annex. To people familiar with Tison's record, the transfer was astonishing.

Frank Eyman, warden of the Arizona State Prison, had been a close friend of Jim Stiner's. He despised Gary Tison. "I can tell you when I was there," Eyman said, "that sonofabitch wasn't sitting around playing 'Jesus Loves My Soul' on a mouth harp. I made damn sure he did hard time." But the evidence suggests that the clever and beguiling Tison worked hard to overcome the stigma of having killed a prison guard. Gary's newly developed courtesy and cooperative attitude molded the newer guards' perceptions of him. In the summer of 1970, less than three years after he killed Stiner, he was transferred out of maximum security. A year after that, he was named editor of the prison newspaper.

After Eyman's retirement in 1972, Tison managed to ingratiate himself with the warden's temporary successor, Bud Gomes, who took over as acting warden for a year. From the moment Tison was moved to medium security, he had been planning an escape, but he bided his time because he knew that Eyman was due to retire soon. Frank Eyman gave shoot-to-kill orders on escapes and enjoyed having himself photographed with the bodies. Gary was certain that the old man would welcome any opportunity to have him killed. Eyman had told him that himself on more than one occasion.

Not long after Eyman retired, Gary made a move. At 1:30 p.m. on September 4, 1972, Gary and fellow inmate George Warnock walked into the guard's office in the main prison and drew pistols they had hidden under their shirts. A third inmate, Duane Warner, stood watch outside as Tison

forced the four guards to strip. They were then herded into a storage closet, where they were tied with venetian blind cord and locked in. The three inmates quickly changed into guards' uniforms and made their way unnoticed to the adjacent industrial yard, where they hoped to scale the wall and another fenced enclosure beyond. But the wall proved too much of an obstacle, and they were discovered later that evening hiding in the prison laundry. Warner and Warnock gave up immediately when the guards fired tear gas, but Tison remained inside.

"Come on out, Gary. We know you're in there," guard Roy Duer yelled. Gary still refused to answer. After another volley of tear gas, he finally staggered out. The guards found a pistol hidden in the laundry. There were strong suspicions that Gary had gotten it from his wife Dorothy. Gomes immediately had Tison moved back to maximum security.

Despite Tison's violent past and his ominous reputation for repeated escape attempts, he was quick to find favor in the eyes of the new warden, Harold Cardwell, who was appointed in 1973. To Cardwell, Tison was just another inmate, and Jim Stiner was little more than a name.

In March 1973, only six months after his most recent escape attempt, Tison once again applied for a transfer out of maximum security. In August he applied again, and he continued to do so every six months. Eventually the strategy worked. In March 1975, a lawsuit filed on behalf of the inmates at the Arizona State Prison by the American Civil Liberties Union claimed that conditions at the prison constituted "cruel and unusual punishment." The evidence was overwhelming and skillfully presented. In September 1977, Federal District Judge Carl Muecke ordered that immediate action be taken to remedy the situation.

Cardwell asked Deputy Warden Joseph Martinez to begin the process of screening and transferring prisoners out of maximum security by selecting seventeen inmates. Martinez submitted his list a few weeks later. Gary Tison's name was on it. The selection of Tison was hard to understand. In addition to his most recent escape attempt in 1972, and his 1967 murder of a prison guard and the gun battle that preceded his capture, Tison had broken out of the Pinal County Jail in 1961. Every five or six years since he had been in prison — and always in September — he would attempt to break out. Yet on September 29, 1977, Gary Tison was moved across the road to the Trusty Annex.

Prison officials also hinted that the "strike-breaker" reputation Tison had earned during an inmate insurrection earlier that year would have made it unsafe for him to remain in the cell block. The striking inmates had persistently called for Cardwell's removal as warden. Tison publicly condemned the strike and defended the warden's poli-

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cies. Gary had, in fact, begun currying favor with Cardwell the moment he took over as warden in 1973. Tison wrote letters to officials, made positive statements about Cardwell to the press, and spoke to official prison visitors.

Once in the Annex, the clever and forceful Tison quickly established himself as the straw boss for every prisoner in the facility. On January 18, 1978, the day Bobby Tuzon arrived, Tison and Dave LaBarre welcomed him by saying that they had heard he was a licensed pilot; they had some things they wanted to discuss with him later. Tuzon was very surprised when he learned just how familiar they were with the details of his life. How would they get all the information? Tuzon wondered. Tison took a long, thoughtful drag on the cigarette he was smoking before he spoke. "Bobby," he said, "we've checked you out. We know everything about you." Tuzon noticed that Gary's eyes had a way of "boring into you" when he spoke.

It was obvious to Tuzon that Gary not only had access to a lot of information but also had status and influence inside the prison. It was equally clear that Gary wanted him to know that he could either help or hurt him very easily. Tison enjoyed extraordinary privileges. He was the only inmate permitted to wear nonregulation shoes (he wore cowboy boots). When Tuzon asked him how he managed to get away with it, Gary laughed and pulled a medical prescription out of his wallet. The prescription said that the boots were needed for "ankle support."

More astonishing, however, than the prescription boots was the rumor that Tison often carried a .22-caliber derringer inside one of them. Some said that the guards had let him have it to protect himself during the inmate strike. Tuzon said that Tison was the only prisoner who was never searched during routine trusty shakedowns. It was another such "understanding," Bobby said, that enabled Tison to receive plastic bags of marijuana and cocaine concealed in sacks of flour that were delivered regularly to the prison galley. Although Tison was not a user himself, drug dealing provided him with a significant source of income and, according to Bobby, supplemented the income of some poorly paid guards.

The Arizona State Prison did not permit conjugal visits. As a consequence, surreptitious sex was common among inmates and their wives, or girlfriends, in the visiting areas. If the participants were reasonably discreet, the guards were inclined to ignore the goings-on. Gary and Dorothy engaged in sexual acts, with some regularity, in the presence of their sons.

"Sure, it happened," said prison guard Marquis Hodo. "Lots of people knew about it. I've had inmates tell me about it, as well as other visitors. The boys would be sitting on one side of the picnic table, facing out toward the yard, and Dorothy and Gary would be sitting

on the other side, facing the other direction, toward the wall. The boys would sit there across the table with their backs to their folks, holding newspapers up like they was reading so you couldn't see Dorothy going down on Gary behind them. Yeah, it was no secret. And that went on even when the boys were older and knew what was going on, too."

Lita Beigel was a regular Sunday visitor to the prison during this period. On one occasion, not long before the escape, she noticed Dorothy bent over Gary's lap as they sat on the back bench of a picnic table in the visiting area. Dorothy was performing fellatio as Gary cradled her head in his hands. The couple, Beigel complained, were in full view of several children. Beigel went over and demanded that they stop, threatening to throw hot coffee on them. She said Dorothy covered Gary and looked up coldly. Gary was enraged. He remained seated but warned her through clenched teeth that he would take her boyfriend "behind the wall" (prison slang for a beating or worse) if she ever bothered them again. Two guards, Beigel said, witnessed the whole incident but didn't do a thing.

On November 29, 1977, the new governor of Arizona, Wesley Bolin, fired John Moran, the director of corrections. The decision was unpopular with the legislature. The person who should have been fired, many believed, was not the director but the warden. It was obvious that Cardwell was incompetent, and some thought he was corrupt. But Moran's reputation, along with Cardwell's, had been hurt by organized-crime activities within the prison — including the contract murder of inmate Tony Serra on January 3, 1977. Serra was the first of several inmates killed within the prison in the twenty-five beatings and stabbings that were recorded in 1977. Serra had been stabbed and bludgeoned to death in the prison license plate plant.

Tony Serra had been convicted on land fraud charges in 1974 and was serving an eight-to-ten-year sentence. Before his conviction, he had been the sales manager for a company that was described by the *Arizona Republic* as "a crooked land firm believed by police to have been controlled by [Ned] Warren." Ned Warren, the paper said, was "the godfather of land swindlers."

Tony Serra knew that his life was in danger. He repeatedly petitioned the prison officials for a transfer out of the main prison. His transfer requests were ignored. In December 1976, Serra was attacked by an unidentified person as he sat on the toilet. Serra, described as a "tough cookie" who could take care of himself if he had to, was beaten about the head and shoulders with a steel pipe before he managed to escape. Hoping to avoid further reprisals, he claimed that he was unable to identify his attacker.

On January 2, 1977, he was brutally

murdered. Tony Serra didn't go quietly. He punched and kicked, and it finally took four men to kill him. They stabbed him fifteen times and battered his head with lengths of pipe. One of his ears hung loose, almost torn from his head. The medical examiner later found in Serra's fists large tufts of hair he had ripped from at least one attacker's head. His killers finally managed to hold him down long enough to smash his skull with a heavy electric drill. Then they used the drill bit to punch a hole in his forehead.

Bobby Tuzon was well aware of Tison's reputation as he sat across from Gary on his bunk on the last day of January 1978 and Gary began to talk in the confidential manner he used when the subject was something important. Tison told Bobby that he and some others were planning escape. They wanted him to come along because they needed a pilot.

Come on, Tuzon said, be serious.

Tison was dead serious. He lit a cigarette without taking his eyes from Tuzon's. Finally, he spoke, leaning across the narrow space between the two bunks. In the same very controlled tones, he told Tuzon he was serious and that there really wasn't any choice: either Bobby went along and flew the plane, or he would leave prison feet first, like Tony Serra.

Bobby told Gary he would cooperate. Gary suddenly smiled that odd smile of his — only his lips smiling below cold, empty eyes — and reached across and patted Tuzon on the shoulder. "I thought you'd see it my way," he said.

Gary Tison was a prime suspect in the Serra slaying, though he was never indicted.

Sometime in the autumn of 1976, Joe visited his brother at the prison. Gary told Joe that he had been contacted about making "a hit on a dude in the land fraud." Gary told his brother the inmate's name was Serra and that he had been offered \$50,000 "to take care of it." Shortly after Serra was killed, an ex-convict, Glenn Scott Thornton, placed a large sum of cash in a safe deposit box at a Scottsdale bank. At one time, Thornton had shared a cell with Gary Tison. Now he was one of Tison's contacts on the outside. Thornton met regularly with Dorothy to deliver money and exchange information. At one of these meetings, in November 1977, Thornton gave Dorothy ten thousand dollars in cash.

By this time Gary had been in the medium-security Annex two months. Tison's good fortune — his transfer and the money he apparently was paid for Serra's murder — was reflected in the optimism he expressed in the Christmas letter he wrote to his sister Kay. Gary was not only anticipating an escape, he also had visions of sitting down over rum and Cokes in some Central American country to negotiate

a movie contract for the script he intended to write about it.

[Following Serra's murder, Tison's brother Joe helped Gary's sons get together a cache of weapons and a car for the 1978 escape. By February 1978, he contacted Terry Tarr, a pilot, about obtaining an airplane for smuggling marijuana. Gary, as his end of the deal, was supposed to kill a potential witness against Joe in a trial. However, the witness was kept in Pinal County Jail, not the prison. One drunken night in Tucson at the Royal Sun Cocktail Lounge, Joe told Tarr about his brother's escape plans. In March, Tarr stole a plane in Texas, and the follow-

ing week flew across the Mexican border for a strip between Magdalena and Santa Ana in Sonora. Tarr crashed on landing, made it back to the States and was arrested in Texas a few days later for the plane theft. There he told the sheriff of Deaf Smith County about the marijuana scheme, and incidentally about the planned prison break. The sheriff immediately contacted Arizona authorities.

Joe was arrested by the Central Arizona Regional Narcotics Unit the second week in March. As part of a plea agreement on drug charges he also told of the planned prison break.

On March 8, Gary Tison held a practice run for the escape at the prison.

The date set was the twelfth. On the evening of March 11th heavy rains started and continued into the next day.]

Gary was slamming things around and seething with frustration. The weather report said that the rain was supposed to continue for at least another day. Gary had to do something, so he abruptly announced that they were going to have another practice run. Three days later, on March 15, they walked through their routines and, once again, it went well.

About the third week of March, noticeable changes took place at the Annex. The once-indifferent guards

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suddenly became very attentive. Their numbers at the Annex and in the surrounding towers were increased. And everyone noticed that the tower guards were now carrying automatic weapons in addition to the usual shotguns.

On March 22, amid a swirl of rumors about a planned escape, Tuzon and Tison were taken for separate interviews with prison officials. The question was whether both inmates should be transferred out of the Annex for security reasons. Tuzon seized the opportunity to tell his interviewers about the escape plan. He pleaded with them to approve his transfer away from Tison and his collaborators, describing how his life and his family had been threatened unless he agreed to cooperate in the escape. To Tuzon's surprise, the committee told him they had already heard about the plan. He was told his transfer request would be taken under consideration.

On March 24, Gary Tison was moved back into the maximum-security compound of the main prison and placed in "investigative lockup," pending further investigation of the conspiracy-to-escape rumors. As soon as Tison was moved out, Tuzon was approached by inmates Dave LaBarre and Eric Mageary. They told him he was going to die for "snitching off" Gary. Surely, he thought, the authorities will approve a transfer. Tuzon was stunned when they didn't.

Within hours of Gary's transfer, Dorothy received a phone call informing her that her husband had been moved to investigative lockup. She was worried. On March 26, she came to see him. She knew she had to calm him down to avert another disaster like the one in 1967 when he had killed the guard. What she told Gary probably saved Bobby Tuzon's life. It was true that someone had told prison officials about the escape attempt, she said, but it wasn't Bobby Tuzon. The source,

Dorothy said, was Gary's brother Joe.

Gary Tison was given a polygraph test [about the escape plan]. Gary had always been able to lie with dry palms and a steady heartbeat, without a twinge of conscience. He welcomed the test. Tison was serious but relaxed as William Banks of the Department of Public Safety wired him up. Only once, when he was asked about his brother Joe, was there any reaction of note, but even this was considered insignificant.

After the test, when Banks casually mentioned to Cardwell the minor reaction, the warden decided to ask Tison personally about his brother. When he did so, Tison denied any escape conspiracy involving his family. He made a point of telling Cardwell that Joe was a liar. "Joe's mixed up in narcotics," he said, "and there's bad blood between us because of that." Piously, he said he had three teenage sons, and it was people like Joe who ruined young people's lives. Cardwell spoke once again with William Banks. He told Banks that Tison's slight reaction to the question about his brother was more than likely the result of their "bad blood" than any sensitivity about an escape plan. To be doubly sure, Cardwell requested a second polygraph. Tison was given the test later the same day, and again he passed. The next day, March 30, Cardwell approved Tison's return to the Medium Security Annex. Amazingly, he had Gary reassigned to share quarters with Bobby Tuzon. Bobby was stunned.

Cardwell ignored two independent and detailed reports of Tison's plan to escape. Cardwell could point to Tison's polygraph results; he could claim Bobby Tuzon was untrustworthy; but why wouldn't he believe the sheriff of Deaf Smith County, Texas, and the Central Arizona Narcotics Unit?

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peatedly over the next few months, Tuzon tried to convince prison authorities of the reality of the escape plan. He spoke several times with Cardwell about it. Tison continued to threaten his family if he did not go along with the escape as the necessary pilot. Finally, when no one would listen to him, he made a desperate effort to get transferred away from Tison: he cut through the wire and then sat outside the fence for ten minutes until guards found him and charged him with attempting to escape. He finally got transferred to a place he felt safe, maximum security.]

On Friday, July 28, Bobby Tuzon, now relatively secure in investigative lockup, sent word to Gary through the prison grapevine that when he went to trial he would testify that his own escape had been a last desperate attempt to avoid involvement in Tison's escape plans. He was going to blow the whistle on Gary. Gary had thought the earlier leaks had come from his brother Joe. Bobby wanted to make sure Tison understood that the supporting information would be filed in open court the following Monday, July 31, before a Pinal County judge and that county's district attorney. In the same message, he informed Tison that he had already told his story to the new Arizona director of corrections and was scheduled to take a polygraph test on Monday afternoon when he returned from court.

Bobby was forcing Tison's hand. It was his way of getting even — not only with Gary Tison, but, more important, with Harold Cardwell. At least one of his two most hated enemies was going to lose — and big. If Tison didn't escape, he would soon be back in maximum security; if he *did* escape, Cardwell would be finished as warden. If Tison was going to carry through his escape, he would have to do it *that* weekend.

Gary was stunned when he got Bobby's message. It had to be that weekend or never. He immediately asked for permission to call Dorothy.

On Sunday, July 30, Gary Tison and Randy Greenawalt escaped from Arizona State Prison with the help of Tison's three sons, Donny, Ricky and Ray. On August 11, a state roadblock stopped the group. Donny was killed, the other two boys and Greenawalt surrendered. Gary Tison escaped into the desert. He died of exposure and his body was found August 22. While free, Gary Tison and Randy Greenawalt slaughtered six people — the family near Yuma and a newlywed couple in Colorado.

Dorothy Tison received a thirty-month sentence for her part in the escape conspiracy, Joe Tison got four years. In October 1978 Governor Bruce Babbitt made Harold Cardwell state highway safety coordinator. Less than two years later, he fired him. In 1984, Bobby Tuzon was awarded \$58,000 in damages for a lawsuit against the state for the danger he faced before and after the Tison escape. Placed on probation in 1985, he is now in law school.

In 1985, in an out-of-court settlement, the state agreed to pay \$975,000 to the families of the six people killed by Gary Tison and Greenawalt.

Greenawalt lives on death row in Florence. Ray and Ricky Tison were also sentenced to death. They also live on death row. All three cases are on appeal.

Dorothy Tison still visits Arizona State Prison each Sunday for two hours. She visits her surviving sons.

— The Editor

James W. Clarke is a Professor of Political Science at the UA where, in 1987, he received the Burlington Northern Foundation award for excellence in teaching. He is also the author of *American Assassins: The Darker Side of Politics* 1982.



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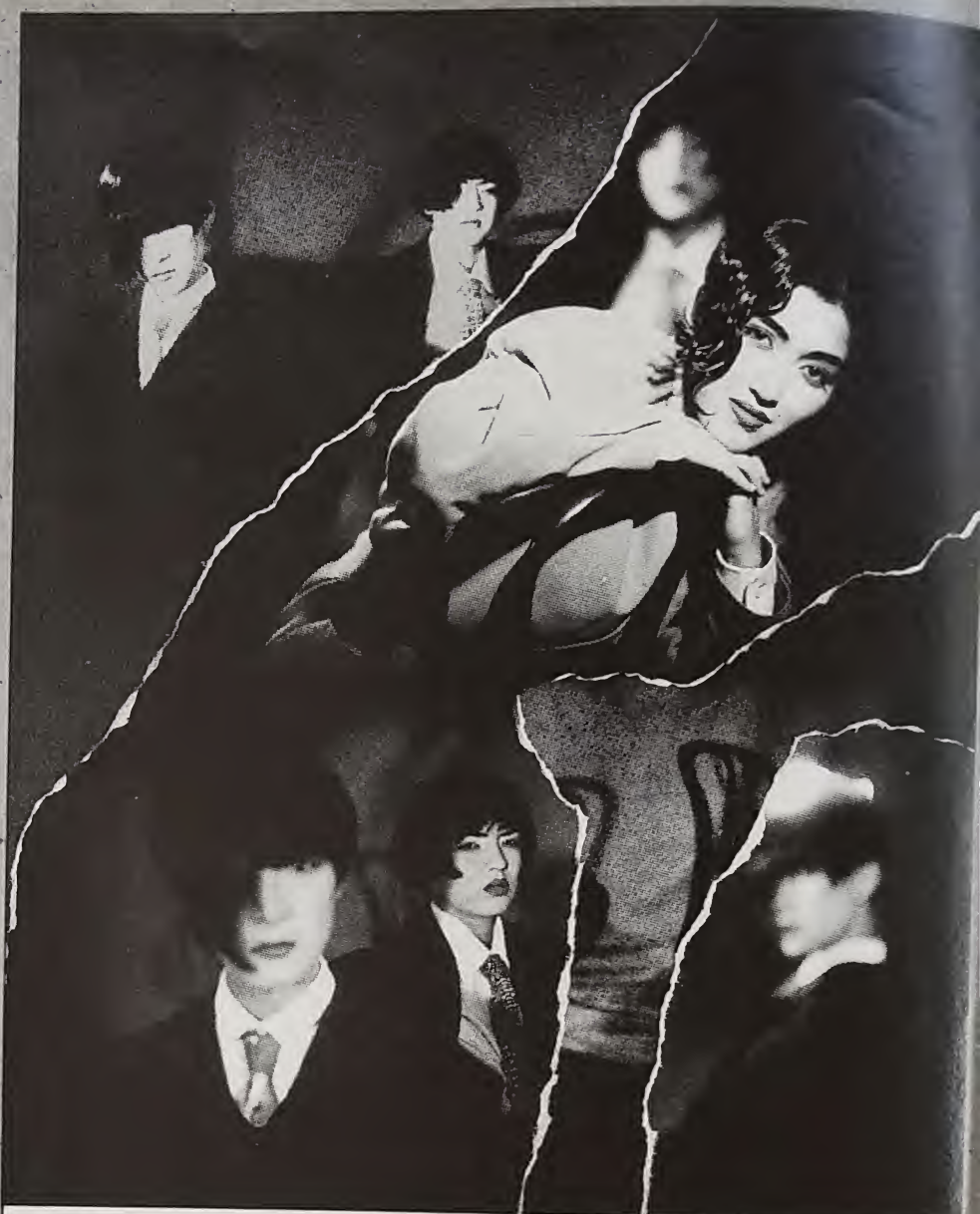
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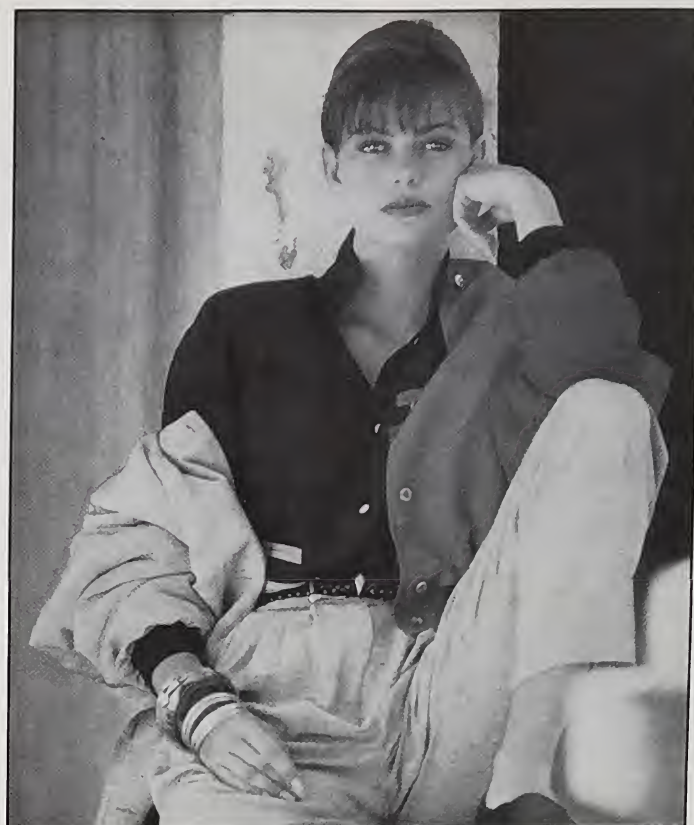
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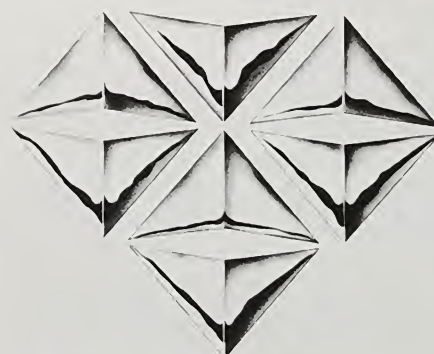


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Goldwater

Waiting for 16,000,000 Arizonans

By Charles Bowden

A thin white line marks the surgery on his knee. He is relaxed now — shorts, sport shirt, sandals. Washington, thirty-odd years in the Senate and the world of politics inside the Beltway have been left behind. A carved bulldog's head peers from the cane in his hand as he moves with a limp across his shortwave radio room. Outside sprawls Phoenix, inside is decades of Arizona. Barry Goldwater sits against a wall of ham equipment — as soon as you order new gear, he laughs, it's already out-of-date. Another wall is nothing but plaques and pictures. He is old now but pretty much the same — the same voice, the same ease, the cut-the-crap tone. He looks out the window at an Arizona he never really anticipated. When he was born in 1912, the land where his hilltop home squats sold for fifty cents an acre. When he snapped up forty acres in 1953, he paid \$28,000, total. Now houses gouge out slots right beneath his home, and he points to a neighboring hill where some guy squandered \$250,000 just putting in his drive. He hardly knows his neighbors — maybe two or three — and they seem to wish his giant radio antenna would disappear. "I've been away," he explains, "for thirty-five years of my life. I finally came home and I'd say, 'Where's Sam?' and they'd say, 'Oh, Sam died.' I quit asking questions."

No, he doesn't like having all the houses crowding in on him. No, he doesn't like looking down at Phoenix snuggled under a brown cloud of filth. But what the hell are you going to do? Can't stop people from coming, he says, and he figures a hell of a lot more people are going to come in the future. Why? By God, Arizona is a great state. How can you keep folks from finding out?

He sits in a chair, his hand curling around the top of the cane, a small blue tattoo on the edge of his palm testifying to his membership in the Smoki Club of Prescott, a bunch of guys who are not Indians who hold Indian dances. Everything around Goldwater

is a kind of tattoo — walls of awards, plaques, photos, and oddments like the chunk of a mortar that sliced through the room next to his in Vietnam. He's old now, getting ready to sum it all up. His biography came out in August, and he'll be damned if *Playboy* didn't snap up the rights. At first he was kind of mad, and sure wasn't going to pose for any centerfold, he snorts. But then he thought, hell, he can reach a whole new generation with his brand of conservatism.

"What do you want to know?" he asks. The voice is still gravel. He is seventy-six years old now, he helped build this state.

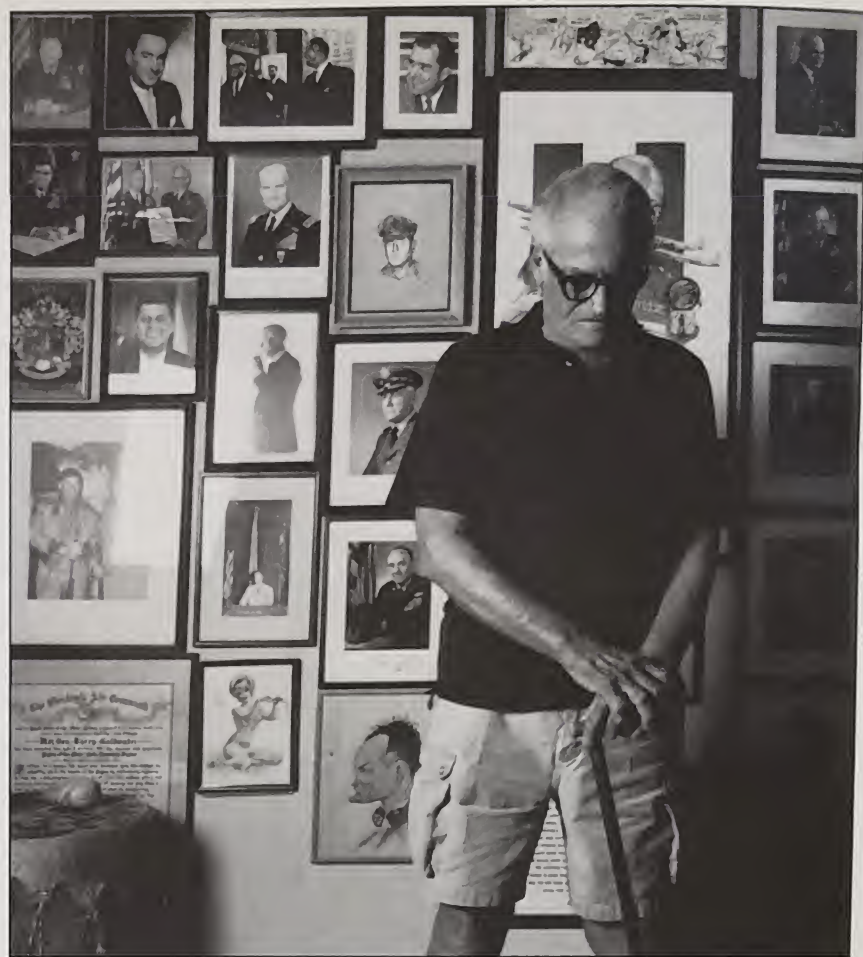
What does he think of his handiwork now, right now, today?

He answers easily as if the response were a recorded tape. There's no end to Arizona's growth — why, by 1990 Phoenix will be the nation's sixth-largest city. Look at the variety here, he offers, from the hard desert of Yuma a scant 150 feet above sea level to the San Francisco Peaks at 12,400 feet. The ground is loaded with wealth — the world's largest uncut pine forest, fifty-five percent of the nation's copper production, maybe the biggest gold reserve, and just for a chaser, more national parks and monuments than any other state. The words come easily, they have been the preamble to a thousand stump speeches — The Great State of Arizona.

Yes, yes. But which do you like better — the Phoenix you were born in or the Phoenix you live in?

He coughs, hesitates, and then the practiced man of the Senate says, "I love the Phoenix I was born in and I love the Phoenix I'm living in now."

He's an old-timer, and, sure, he and all the old-timers hate to see the place change, but if "you want the honest-to-god's truth, there's nothing much we want to do about it." He watches houses and roads slam into the desert floor where once there was nothing, he scoots up to Cave Creek in twenty minutes when it used to take two days. Why, once his brother drove



Photograph by Jack W. Dykinga

to Tucson in seven and a half hours and was reprimanded for being a mad dog behind the wheel. Sure, we could ruin the place, but so far, he thinks, we've been careful in the way we lay out the new towns, put in the sewage lines, and we've made sure to get enough water. By the year 2000, he figures, we will have desalinization whipped and will be drinking the Pacific Ocean — and then, watch out. Phoenix and Tucson will grow together in a generation, kind of like L.A. and San Diego. There will be an airport between, like Dallas/Fort Worth. No problem. "We've got seventeen contiguous communities in this valley now," he explains matter-of-factly. "You can't tell where one stops and the other begins."

The air? Oh, we've got a problem. Why, when he first started flying he could see Tucson from Chandler. Now, when he flies down here, half the time he has to make an instrument approach. But we'll find a new fuel, we'll solve it. Before his wife passed away, they'd look out and check to see if the air was safe enough for her to go outside the house that day. He says this too with a kind of shrug. What can you do?

"And Tucson, Tucson is a different kind of a town," he figures. "If I were moving to Arizona I'd move to either Green Valley or Tucson — you don't have the great conglomeration of industries that we have up here in Phoenix."

He is indomitable in his optimism. Things will work out, always do. Sure, there are some regrets.

Glen Canyon?

"Well, if I had it to do over again," he says, "I would not have voted for Glen Canyon Dam. Lake Powell is the

greatest man-made lake in the world. I've been on it when they've had 30,000 people on it."

When he was born, Phoenix only had 10,000 people.

"I liked Glen Canyon a lot better," he says, "when it was a river and you could get on a boat and just go down the river. I would not have voted for the dam had I known what would happen."

Yes, but weren't you the guy who wanted dams in the Grand Canyon?

"Well," he says, "I never wanted them too much, I never pushed them. I'm sorry now we built Glen Canyon, but they'll never bother that river again. There will never be another falling water dam built again in this country. You destroy beauty — that's the main reason."

The words come easily. Bad call, but what the hell, it's done, he seems to be saying.

The future is an easy country for him to predict — you just multiply the present and throw it forward. Barry Goldwater sees at least 16,000,000 people in Arizona by the year 2012, a century after statehood. "I'm not saying we want them," he quickly adds. "When World War II came along we were about 130 million people in this country and now we're knocking at 250 million. Who in the hell wants that many?" What are you going to do? You can't stop them from coming ("People can go where they goddamn please"). Besides, he likes the kind of people that move here, they're not like the ones back East. The folks coming here "are full of piss and vinegar." They remind him of the old people he knew when he

was a boy, the pioneers. "When we start picking up the deadbeats," he snorts, "then, the hell with it."

Would he like the new Arizona with more than five times the current population?

There is a slight hesitation and the gravelly voice drops down — "I don't think I'll be here, I'm kind of glad I won't."

He smiles at the jam-packed future, but he likes places like Ajo. He laid out the gunnery range that swallows up the desert to the northwest of the small town — a tract now named after him — and he almost beams when he says, "It's no place to get caught, it's a very bad desert." He's hiked all over it, Jeeped all over it. Done the once dreaded El Camino del Diablo, highway of the devil. Why, he smiles, "There's nothing down there."

He is not a brooding man, never has been. His walls tell the story. The photo of JFK next to a cartoon of Goldwater from *Playboy*. The glass case full of keys to American cities, the shelves holding various awards and mementos. Right now he's busy cataloging 15,000 of his negatives for the UA's Creative Photography Center. He can't figure out if they want shots that are artistic or if they want shots that are historical. He can deliver the historical — hell, if they want to know what Pipe Springs looked like sixty years ago, well, he's got it.

Politics still catch his interest. As a Republican, Bush, naturally, is his man. Known him since he was a kid. But Goldwater is intrigued by Jesse Jackson and he's anxious to watch the Democrats and see "what they're going to do with old Jesse." He knows Jackson (they did a television show together a year or two back), and likes him (of course, he'd like to fix his thinking a little on free enterprise). Jesse has the best mouth in politics, and it would have pleased Goldwater if he'd gotten the nomination just so we could see if a black man has a decent shot at the office. He's doubtful, but he'd like us to get this racism out of our system. After all, this is Barry Goldwater, the man who, when he took over the Arizona National Guard after World War II, instantly integrated it — before Truman ended segregation in the national military.

Mecham? "He should never have been governor," Goldwater snorts. "He just wasn't a good governor. Wherever you went in the United States, they laughed at us. I didn't like that."

The assessments come quick and fast. Sam Steiger? He was a brilliant congressman but "he was probably the craziest sonofabitch I've ever known. Shooting two burros? What in the hell...?"

Reagan is a guy he's known a long time. The first term, maybe give him an eight, the second more like a four. "His wife Nancy," Goldwater explains, "is by far the stronger of the two."

He liked Nixon at first. "But I

wouldn't talk to that sonofabitch if he were dying of thirst out in this desert. When I left him was over Watergate. A man who will lie to his wife, his children and his country is no fucking man, and by god he isn't."

Eisenhower is a quick call — "You don't have to like a five-star general, but you have to respect him." Lyndon Johnson brings a smile. "I liked to drink with Johnson, but he was first-class sonofabitch. He went to Washington penniless and he left with \$40 million." Now Jack Kennedy, "I liked him very much. Had he lived, he could well have been one of our great presidents." Bobby was different: "I wouldn't trust him too far."

It is all so easy now. People are like plaques on the wall, things he has collected decade after decade, and he ticks them off with a total candor and, yet, a kind of total indifference. It's all over but the housekeeping details. He stumbles when asked what has been the biggest mistake made in building Arizona. Well, that new county, La Paz, he offers, that was a mistake. That's personal property for him, his family first entered the Territory there in 1860. But wait a minute, he seems to say, I'll tell you a real mistake — not taking a port on the Sea of Cortez when we formed the Territory.

His favorite place in Arizona? Thunder River. The water blasts out of rock wall, cascades down, and then forms America's shortest river, a half mile or so of roaring stream in the Grand Canyon. Good fishing — "Oh, god yes." But he can hardly walk anymore. He's got two artificial hips, one artificial knee, and "yesterday afternoon, I couldn't move, I had to stay in bed." But that Grand Canyon, it doesn't change — "I've always said, if I had a Madam, it would be the Grand Canyon. In fact, that's where I'm going to be buried. When I die — I've got my wife's ashes right down there at the church, and I'll be cremated and we'll put them all in a can, and I've got a fellow who flies a helicopter and he's going to take us both up there and just dump us over in the middle of the Canyon."

He's got a grave just back of the house that he figures to be an old Hopi burial from when they migrated north to the Plateau country. "I won't touch it," he says firmly. In an Arizona he sees as helpless in the face of booms and human migration, he's found the one sanctuary. The dead.

He gets up, it's time for his nap. He leaves the shack — a stone building about the size of a normal house that shelters his hobbies and awards — and crosses the parking lot to his home. A shadow passes before him on the asphalt, his head snaps upward and catches the silhouette of a turkey vulture. He notes he still has hawks hunting rabbits just below the house.

The thought makes him smile. Down the hill Phoenix sinks under a lid of brown air.

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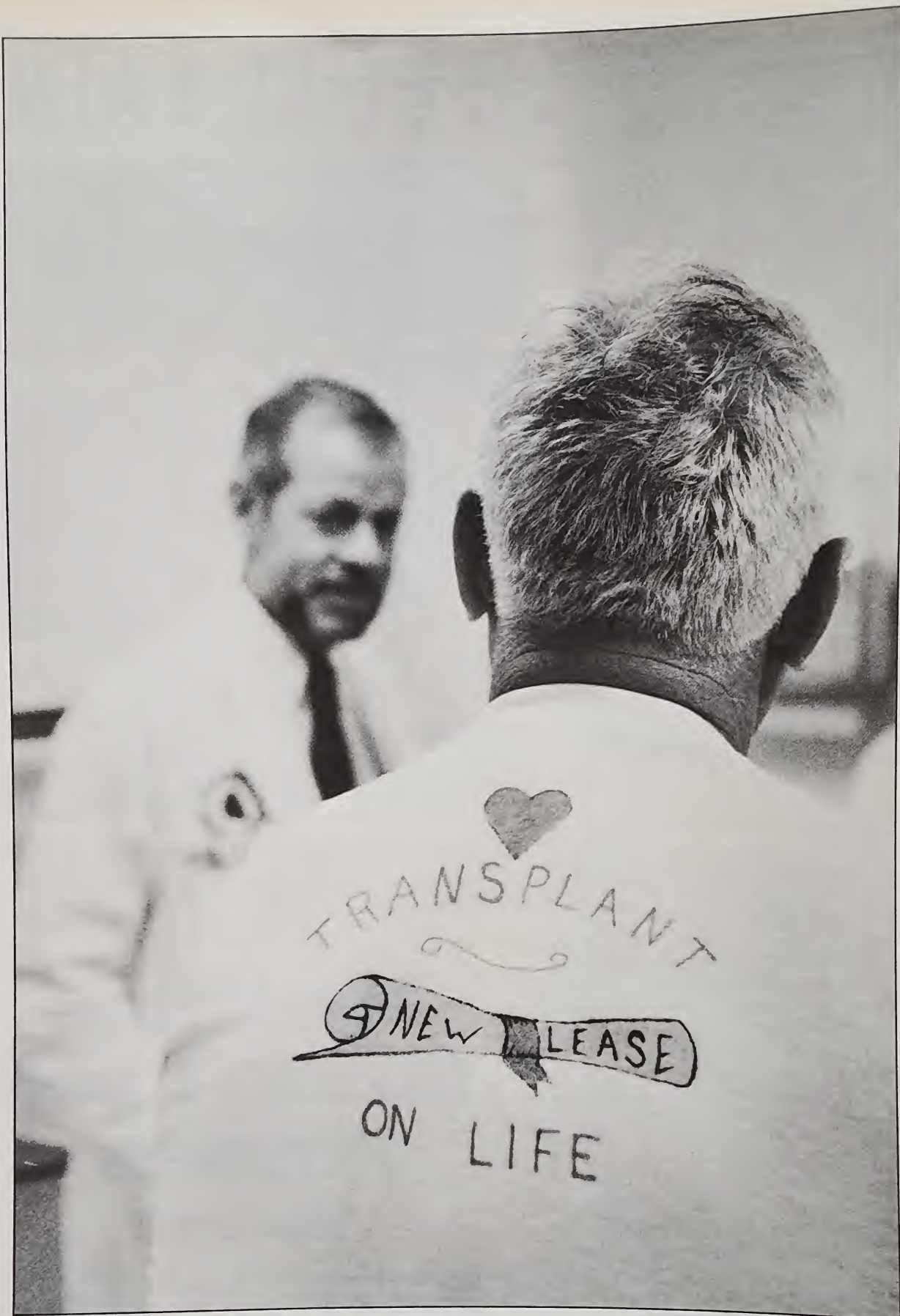


Photo By Tim Fuller

Dr. Jack Copeland

After saving more than a hundred lives, he'd like one of his own.

By Laura Greenberg

He spends his average day at the hospital — about fourteen hours, nine of them performing two heart surgeries. Then Jack Copeland breaks free to join his wife Jan at the Fuji Restaurant and Sushi Bar. Jack loves fish, she hates it. But this time she indulges him. They make it home and for a few moments savor the jagged flashdance of monsoon lightning through the windows of their new Foothills home.

The phone rings.

A young man has died in an auto accident in California and his heart, nestled in an ice chest, is winging its way to the University Medical Center where a patient waits. Before midnight Copeland is speeding back down into town to perform his 174th heart transplant — on Gerald Jones, a retired Phoenix printer in his mid-fifties who worked for the *Arizona Republic* and *Phoenix Gazette*.

Jack Copeland is Arizona's surgical maestro, the man who has taken a once risky and experimental life-saving operation and made it commonplace. He is in the operating room the rest of the night and dawn means just more work — he already had scheduled a difficult open heart surgery. That afternoon his secretary leaves at 5 p.m., but Copeland stays on. He works virtually thirty-six straight hours.

How does he do it?

"I don't know," Jan Copeland answers.

In the basement of UMC, a footstep on a grooved rubber mat snaps open electronic doors into a world of hurt. Welcome to O.R., a long corridor bathed in harsh fluorescent lights with washed-out yellow walls, and ten operating rooms. Nurses, doctors, and technicians swish by, their bodies wrapped from cap to booties in baggy blue scrub outfits. No one here has a gender, they have a job, and they are some of the most highly paid people in this city. When they make a mistake, people die. This is where Doctor Jack Copeland III lives.

It looks like a drab factory.

The workers only reveal their eyes and foreheads. Back in the locker room there are faint glimmers of real people — a Don Johnson poster, a few cut flowers. Two blue suits sit on a gurney, faces weary, the masks at ease like necklaces. The smell of chicken wafts from the microwave in the lounge where newspapers with incomplete sections lie scattered on tables.

Inside an operating room, Copeland commands a medical SWAT team. Hunched over his patient, he parts the skin with an electric scalpel, then cuts through the bone of the sternum with a whining saw that looks like a pizza slicer, pries apart the ribs with steel jaws and exposes his target — the heart. The room fills with the stench of burning flesh. Copeland wears thick magnifying glasses, a spotlight strapped to his forehead like a miner's lamp, and his eyes are riveted to the

bloody cavity below him. The room holds enough machinery for a NASA launch, devices that bleep, blip, suck and ping, gauges that meter, screens that track all the vital signs of the human being spread out on the metal table like a slaughtered animal. Copeland uses the machines but trusts his eyes. Why depend on an EKG, he asks, when you can "eyeball" a cardiogram?

For the next five hours, his body will be still. Except for the prized hands — unblemished skin, long tapered fingers with manicured nails, the half moons milk white, the tips a healthy, infant pink. They move quickly, cauterizing bleeders, suturing arteries. Metal tools drop soundlessly into the hands. They are very precise, and the mind that drives them is always one move ahead of what they do. Copeland pulls patients through surgeries that other doctors wouldn't even attempt. He operates a lot, and unlike many specialists, he does different kinds of operations, and he never forgets what he has done. If surgery were a symphony orchestra, Copeland could play every instrument. Maybe not first chair in every section, but still, he would play very, very well. He has the hands.

He insists things be done his way. Before the high-pressure work begins on the heart, he may joke about his tennis game. But when mistakes are made by his team during a delicate part of a surgery — someone hands him the wrong instrument for example — he blows up; little profanities pour from his mouth; he will tell people, never, ever do that again. Nurses have been driven to tears. The explosions are sudden, fierce and brief. Sometimes he tries to control these bursts and he will stop, calm down, and walk his team through the operation. Surgery is not his job — it's his work and his work is his life. What happens in O.R. seems to feed something inside him.

What, exactly, is he after? He says, "To always be on the edge where there's this excitement, where there's this stimulation, where things aren't old and worn out and just everyday, a reproduction of the day before and the day to come."

He's got his wish. The human heart pumps 115,000 times a day, 42 million times a year. When the pump goes out, you go with it. Or you used to. Now you can buy a replacement. And Jack Copeland is the guy who knows how to do the installation. The human heart has been romanticized through time by poets, dreamers and religions as the core of our very being. Love, soul, courage, holy, the Tin Man, the stone-cold heart, the broken heart, Richard the Lion-Hearted, *le sacre cuore*. Now, medicine has removed some of the romance.

To Copeland, it's an organ. He is matter-of-fact about a question on what it's like to hold a human heart in his hands. "Slippery," he says. "Warm, beating, pulsating, there's pressure in

there. It's like looking at a pipe that has a hundred millimeters of mercury pressure...." He compares himself to a plumber. "If you do things properly, you shut off the the right valve and open the right valves at the right times, then you can fix everything, and then open everything back up when you get done, and you've got a good product. Dealing with tissues and putting them together... it's sort of like a piece of art, except it's not permanent. The patient is going to walk out the door and live to be hopefully, sixty or maybe twenty or maybe fifteen — it depends on what's needed."

Copeland leaves the operating room, and the team finishes up. Pushing through the double doors, he drops his mask to expose a graying, round beard, washes those gifted hands and dries them with an ordinary brown paper towel. Around him people talk in medicalese, a language of acronyms

liver babies, you take care of TB, you do surgery, you pull teeth, you do everything" — with missionaries. Once he dreamed of being a biochemist. "I was really taken with these Nobel Prize winning guys who worked with DNA and genes and molecular biology and all these sexy things...." Instead, he applied himself to the frontiers of the real world of cardio-vascular surgery, experimenting with heart transplants in the animal lab under pioneer and mentor Norman E. Shumway.

Shumway pegged his disciple a mega-doc from the start. When pressed, he says starchily, "What distinguished Jack was that we don't remember any untoward incidents." After two years in medical school, Copeland received the Roche Award, as the outstanding student out of a class of 110. He graduated in 1969, and was inducted into the elite AOA, the Phi Beta Kappa of the medical world.

He has become the consummate public relations man for organ transplants, and lately, artificial heart bridges. He does not define himself by media reviews — his successes are living testimonies, his failures the old limits that make him strive harder.

"The media doesn't understand a guy like Jack," says Shumway. "When he thinks he should have done something different, he'll tell them. He's a very honest man." Adds Richard Smith, technical director of UMC's Artificial Heart Program, "His one consistency is as a patient advocate; he is not one who goes with a popularity poll."

Eleven years later, the heart program at Arizona Health Sciences Center is a monument to his stubborn determination and perfectionism. Now Copeland is trying to rebuild a personal life, to snip the sutures that tie him to the monstrous demand he has created.

The human heart has been romanticized through time by poets, dreamers and religions as the core of our very being. To Copeland, it's an organ.

and Latin. And day after day, year after year, the patients roll in. Sometimes the names blur, but each one is special to Copeland.

He always wanted to be a doctor. His parents worshipped the family pediatrician, and he was drawn to the awe and respect doctors evoked. Born on March 13, 1942, in Roanoke, Virginia, the oldest of three boys, Jack was named after his father. He grew up on the move; his father's job as a chemical engineer took the family to Missouri, Kansas, New Jersey, California, back to Missouri, then back to New Jersey where he finished high school. His mother was a secretary until the kids came along, then a full-time housewife, still finding time to be involved in arts, crafts, weaving and jewelry making. These days she wins trophies in golf at the country club in eastern Pennsylvania where his parents retired. His middle brother is an electrical engineer and a computer whiz. The baby, Rob, is "a bright guy who never really got into studying too much," Jack says. "He's in some ways the most normal." Rob is in the air conditioning and heating business.

Jack went off to Stanford University, spending six months of undergraduate time in France — he still savors French films and the bumbling Inspector Clouseau — and then moved on to the blue-chip Stanford medical school. As an intern, he was awarded a Smith Kline Foreign Fellowship in the Malagasy Republic and spent three months in Africa working as what he terms a "complete doctor — you de-

In July 1977, University Hospital lured Copeland from Shumway to establish a transplant program at UA. He hired and trained specialized pediatric and intensive-care nurses; he sought out pathologists and familiarized them with heart biopsies; he bred rabbits to make immuno-suppressant drugs for future transplant patients; in the beginning he inserted his own IVs. He also had to bulldoze through the political tar baby of the FDA to get certain procedures funded by Medicare and had to prove to hospital management that hiring skilled — and expensive — people was crucial. Copeland is now paid \$376,000 a year as professor, administrator and wonder surgeon. In private practice, he says he could be earning five times the amount.

Today, he could rival Lute Olson for name recognition in a town where people follow his successes like sports fanatics, and are sometimes just as fickle when he fails. He was the first surgeon in Arizona to successfully perform a heart transplant — on Norman "Dutch" Tarr on March 27, 1979. The first heart-lung transplant. The first artificial heart implant. The first bridge implant to keep a patient alive until a real heart was available. The first successful domino transplant trading hearts and lungs that saved two lives.

Throughout his climb, he has been controversial, ever challenging the boundaries to prolong life. The press parades his accomplishments, then grabs the needles when a new procedure fails. But Copeland is quick to acknowledge mistakes; he has called press conferences to announce them.

These days, he looks for releases — horses, tennis, skiing — where he can be imperfect, where nothing is riding on his performance except his own ego. But it's not easy to break away....

A typical day: He crams in an early morning dentist appointment before his 9 a.m. surgery, repairing the congenitally defective heart of a two-year-old boy. By early afternoon, he's running forty minutes late. In his small office, Copeland takes a minute to stuff unsalted, unbuttered popcorn in his mouth. A small pool of blood from the surgery has settled in a crease at the bottom of his blue scrubs. Copeland doesn't walk, he hydro-glides in long strides and black Reeboks, white jacket billowing behind him as he runs upstairs to the lounge where the parents of the baby boy worry, waiting for news. Copeland's face tells them everything went smoothly. Out of hearing range, he murmurs, "Poor kid, born with a bad heart, really not much we can do."

In his shirt pocket, a small orange card typed by secretary Lynda Grass tells him clinic is next. Lynda hands him his schedule each morning; she is part of the entourage that enables Copeland to move on automatic pilot through a heavy surgery schedule and a jungle of appointments. Recently, Lynda's sugar-coated voice broke eleven appointments in a week. Patients *always* come first.

Clinics take two afternoons. Mondays are devoted to patients requiring surgery, or those recovering. It's a laun-

dry list of double, triple and quadruple bypasses, valve replacements or tumor removals. Fridays are for heart transplant patients — the large smiles set in cortisone-bloated faces are the happy endings. The strained breaths and ashen patinas belong to those who still wait for someone with a healthy heart to die.

He pulls open the door to a waiting room and all faces turn toward him, impatient expressions relax into wide smiles. Copeland studies a green chalkboard with patients' names. His hands are sunk into the pockets of his lab coat, a button pleads from his lapel: "Don't Take Your Organs To Heaven, Heaven Knows We Need Them Here." His

voice calls like a street vendor: "Where are nurses, nurses, nurses?"

He enters an examination cubicle. "How's your breathing?" Copeland asks, holding the hand of a middle-aged man. "Short, very short," the man says. Copeland nods and empathizes, "The allergies were so bad for me last night, I had trouble sleeping." Barely out the door, he's accosted by a doctor facing a puzzling surgery. They speak in medical tongues. Vascular rings, aortas, PA, ductus. Copeland advises, "So if you divide the ductus, will everything be okay? That shouldn't be too bad..." Before he can finish the sentence, an administrator cuts in to ask about next year's "wish list" for the

budget. "Oh God," Copeland moans, "don't ask me now, man. I've got too many patients on my mind." Then a buried hope breaks free. "Does the heart-lung machine come under you?"

He cushions his back against a wall, waiting for an available examination room. A forty-six-year-old man with a beard and a bald spot. Average height. A hint of middle-age spread. A dyed platinum blonde with oversize glasses thrusts him a package of stationery with pictures of saguaros. Copeland exhausts a weak smile, "You shouldn't be so nice." "I love you, you're my son," she says, beaming.

Now the voice rises in frustration. "Do we have any more rooms we can

use? This is craaaazy!" Only three are available. Copeland's eyes roll up toward the heavens. "Only three rooms and we have to see thirty patients? C'mon, you can do better than that, can't you? I'll use anything, but this is a joke."

He finds space to examine a pre-adolescent girl with hair the color of a Sunkist orange. She sits on a chair, whining and crying, her feet swinging in the air. Copeland whines back, teases her into compliance, promising "no needles or anything." The girl cries out, "I wanna goooooo." Copeland stoops down with his stethoscope, and lifts her shirt where a cherry-pink scar ten inches long divides her chest, but can't hear the heartbeat through the crying. "Oh brotherrrr, cut it out," he snaps. Silence. A few beats later, he says, "Sounds perfect, like the bionic woman." Now the girl hugs him, her arms wrap hard around his waist. Copeland hugs back, pats her head. The girl doesn't want to let him go and starts talking about the guinea pigs she got for her birthday. Bureaucratic duty dictates that he fill out forms. "This is the bill, but we don't charge you anything for the first ninety days after surgery." The girl's mother laughs, "Kind of like a warranty." Copeland explains the red tape. "Listen, if we don't give this to the ladies out there, they're on my case."

He steals a minute to look at glass slides of heart biopsies under a microscope with a visiting Japanese doctor studying transplant techniques. "You think that's a rejection?" Copeland wonders. Dr. Mitsunori Kaneko is certain. "Let's get another biopsy for sure," Copeland says.

Back in clinic, a rope-thin Hispanic man was just told by his cardiologist he doesn't stand more than a twenty percent chance of living through another operation. Copeland reassures him, without laying direct odds. "Let's just take the bull by the horns." The old man praises God and Copeland in the same breath. A middle-aged woman, well-dressed, hyper and happy, says she discovered that mother-of-pearl cream is making her scar slowly disappear. He comforts a twenty-year-old girl, emaciated from chemotherapy. Copeland has removed a spread of malignant tumors from her chest. She wears a bandana, her skin is porcelain white from illness. One by one they file into the rooms. The adults question, the children are full of wonder. Fear keeps everyone company.

It's 3:15 p.m. and the only meal that Copeland has eaten all day was a mad mixture of leftover raisin bran and a cereal called Muselix some nine hours earlier. For a man who looks at diseased hearts all day and preaches proper nutrition, he himself is careful — he gave up bacon a year ago — but is always munching on the run. Another day, Copeland gobbles frozen chocolate yogurt. "I shouldn't do this, but I'm hungry and I have people wait-

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ing," he says. "I should eat, soup... soup."

He has never had a cholesterol test. By 5 p.m., after Copeland has seen nineteen patients, the exhaustion shows. His forefinger rests on his temple while his thumb pinches the skin beneath his cheekbone. His eyebrows arch when he talks and his forehead follows in a crinkled map. Dark rings have formed at the base of his green-blue eyes. Sometimes uncomfortable in other settings, Copeland oozes humanity in clinic. The successes are his payoff, the answered prayers of a boy who wanted to be a doctor.

"Well, you know, someone in my position sees a lot of people die," he reflects. "There are doctors and then there are *doctors*. Some doctors can go twenty years and never see death. I deal with the super-sick, the ones that nobody else wants to operate on, the third-time-round failure from bypass or valves, on a daily basis. And, naturally, some of those people are going to die.

"It's not as bad as people think," he adds philosophically. "It is the end, but it has happened to a lot of good people."

Clinic is not the end for Copeland today. He checks his agenda, and soon is sitting in front of a projector fast-forwarding heart films of patients scheduled for surgery the next day. The films look like moving Rorschach tests — gray backgrounds with spidery white webs squirming in different directions. Then, tailed by residents, he visits them. He catches it from a woman in her mid-seventies. Her arms are bruised from IVs and her nostrils fitted with oxygen tubes. She has straight white hair, *Vogue*-style cheekbones and a Katharine Hepburn voice. She wants to get back to her golf game. Copeland explains the bypass procedure, and tells her he spotted an area he might not be able to fix. "Why not?" she demands. Copeland shakes his head, saying nothing is perfect. She is insistent. "I want perfection."

Afterwards, a resident lets out his exasperation. "Everyone wants to live forever!"

It's past 7 p.m. when Copeland gets back to his office. At night he writes papers, studies research. The phone messages and correspondence are piled up. In 1985, UMC was one of twenty heart transplant centers in the country. In 1988, there are 120 — transplants are no longer considered experimental. An estimated 50,000 lives could be saved by transplants each year, but only about 2,000 donor hearts become available. "There is competition at all times," he says. "There is competition for money, competition in a very business-oriented sense. One pizza place competes with another pizza place, that kind of competition.... There is competition for who is the best surgeon, for who works the hardest, for who's written the most papers, or who has discov-

ered this or that, or who has been able to do this or that, and it's sort of a notch on your belt....

"There are certain areas where you stick your neck out and take a chance and that's what people like. That entertains people to some extent. People like to see you take a risk.... It's not that people have a dark, morbid desire to see you screw up, but that's life, and they like to see the game of life played by other people. They like to see you win, too. If you stick your neck out, and I think there has been a certain amount of neck-sticking here at this institution, and you do reasonably well, then you get results and respect."

His wife feels the returns don't

don't always match the effort required. "I think he doesn't get a lot back from his work. You write your papers... you get recognition... you give and give and give... and you don't get a lot back."

He listens to the needs of others, no one listens to his. A social worker worries that the state insurance program has put a limit on what it will pay for a transplant, regardless of rising expenses. Copeland responds, "Well we're just here to save life, we can't deal up." The father of a Sierra Vista boy with a new heart complains that the weekly drives are taking a toll, he is missing work and is worried about losing his job. He leans against the wall

and says to his son, "They're getting you in great shape while I deteriorate." He half-jokes that he'll be the next patient.

At 7:40 p.m., the department is empty, everyone else has gone home to tend to families and dinners. Copeland has outlasted them all. A sign swings wishfully from his office doorknob: "Gone Skiing."

Copeland doesn't look tired, but he yawns anyway. His hair, recently cut, is mowed in a neat line across the nape of his neck, the brown ends now steel-tipped. His complexion is ruddy and the eyes clear.

He is told he looks good after a



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"Well I combed my hair... when you don't comb it, people think you're tired. I used to believe in the John Madden theory that you only comb your hair once a day in the morning and you never comb it again because it's a waste of time. But lately I've gotten to feeling like I'm getting older, so I don't like people to tell me I look tired 'cause that makes me *feel* older. So now I comb my hair after I get out of the O.R."

While he chatters, he rustles through the overflow of paper on his desk. A large, white, erasable calendar facing him is booked months in advance. Medical conferences and meetings in Hawaii, New York, Los Angeles, Flagstaff.... He has been doing the circuit to plug the new heart center planned on campus. His office is plain — the only personal touches are the family photos tacked onto a bulletin board and a framed and signed picture of Bernadette Chayrez — the forty-year-old mother whose body rejected one transplant, was kept alive for seven months through seven surgeries and two mechanical hearts, then died on the table after Copeland transplanted a second human heart. The community took sides on this case, some people cheering her brave struggle, others saying Copeland had gone too far in his vision to preserve one life. Copeland wept in public after her death.

He is an easy interview — congenial, friendly, seemingly open. The words pour out as if he has never had a chance to talk about himself. And then he is asked how he would describe himself and everything seems to stall. His fingers play with the beard, his eyes squint in concentration. "How *would* I describe myself?" The words come slowly, interrupted by pauses. "I guess as a person who's driven primarily by a real closeness for something. I don't know exactly, but basically, the thing

that keeps me going in this job is the interaction with the people. That's what makes me get up in the morning, the people. You know, I think I have something to offer people... something people seem to need. And that makes it all worthwhile to me."

Now the words come easily. "I see myself as a selfish person who spends too much time at his job, but feels trapped, can't do it any other way and, uh, I'm just thankful I have a wife who understands. I see myself as someone who has a lot of confidence in his profession and skills, who can really do something for people, no doubt about it. I know *how* to do things. No problems there.

"On the other hand, I think I feel certain inadequacies as a father, as a human being, somebody sort of cut away from a lot of humanity, in order to pursue a profession that takes a lot of time and dedication. It's not that I haven't gotten a lot of fun out of what I've done... but that fun has had to take the place of other things that might be considered normal patterns of behavior."

He talks of the missed Little League games and school productions during his first marriage while his daughter Jennifer Lynne and son Jack Patrick — now eighteen and twenty — were growing up. There's a lot to be said for that, he allows. "Are they impressed with me? I think they are, but they don't show it to me. You know, I'm just a normal father and sometimes I feel I don't get no respect." A few minutes earlier, the office phone had rung and Copeland arranged dinner with Jennifer, in town for a week. "I love you," he said before hanging up. She's a competitive swimmer, he says proudly, and because of that she doesn't get to visit often. She is a freshman at Colorado State University. Jack Patrick is a junior at UA.

Copeland remembers the pangs,

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almost bitterly. "I think that when I got the divorce, one of the feelings I had which related to my ex-wife was that I've been an inadequate father to some extent... and she laid that on me pretty heavily. I knew my inadequacies. Husband, um, handyman." Anything he tried to fix around the house fell apart, says the man who has prolonged hundreds of lives with his hands.

"I've always loved my kids. If they got anything from me — let's say the minimum I would expect, if I were to look at it from their side — it would be that they had a real feeling of warmth from me, because I gave them that." Laughing, he recalls driving his son to school as a youngster. "He would say 'Dad, if you're gonna kiss me, do it now before we get to school,' because he knew I would. But, you know, being there for a kid counts for something. And a lot of parents, I think, spend a tremendous amount of time being there for their kids. They're there to pick 'em up and bring 'em home and go to teacher/parent night and all that stuff. And I've slipped up on a lot of that."

After the divorce, Copeland became involved with Jan, then the head transplant coordinator on his team at UMC. They married on October 9, 1983, and Jan retired a year ago, removing the pressures of working together.

Copeland is trying to lead a more normal life and failing.

"He has a big ego and a soft heart. A real softie," says Jan. One Sunday evening, when he wasn't on call, he responded to a trauma case anyway. "Somebody got their liver squashed and I came in to help a general surgeon. He called me and I thought, this guy's in trouble, I'll give him a hand." Copeland didn't get home until 2:30 a.m., and had to sleep fast so he could get up by 6 a.m. to enjoy himself — watching the men's finals at Wimbledon.

He knows that his fierce preoccupation with his work has skewed his perception. He acknowledges that "you find yourself not too excited about the little things that happen to yourself or to your family. Somebody gets a cold, somebody sprains their ankle.... I guess at one point in my life I kind of felt unless the person wasn't having cardiac arrest, then it wasn't too exciting. I've changed a lot since then. I've become more sensitive to the routine and mundane and normal in life."

What if he couldn't work? "I think about that every once in a while. What if I developed a fatal disease or something? Would I stop working? Very definitely, yeah. Because I realize my existence on this planet is primarily the existence of a little piece of sand drifting through, and the things that are important to me are my own feelings, my own wife, my family and my own little pleasures in life. So if I had to stop working I'd find lots of things to do." Now his voice gets excited with the fantasy. "I'd have a blast."

"You think I don't smile?" he asks, breaking into a loud laugh. "You should have known me about fifteen years ago. I not only didn't smile, I frowned. I frowned all the time 'cause I was always worried. I was always running around trying to make sure something came out right. I was always worried somebody might die. I was afraid I didn't know the right thing to do, or the right drug, or the right treatment, whatever, and those kind of feelings have preyed upon me over the years — feeling basically an inadequacy built into the profession."

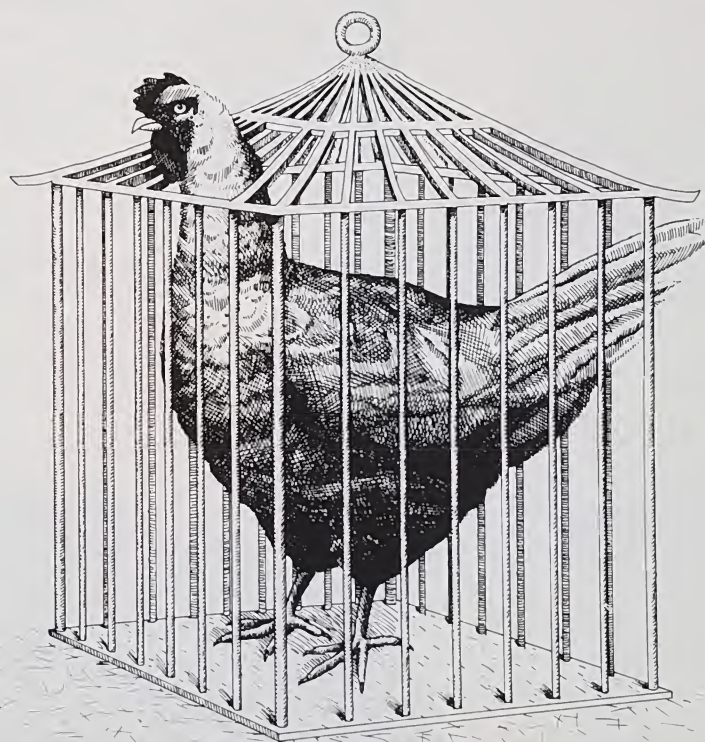
He says after you've reached a certain point in this business you become confident. You *know* you can do

it, your career and self-image aren't riding on every operation or new surgical procedure. So you can start paying more attention to the outside details of life, family, feelings, even animals. Back when he was a med student and young surgeon, Copeland spent hours in the animal lab. Now, going into the animal lab bothers him. "I really feel a certain reluctance to sacrifice an animal for an operation or for a surgery or for an experiment. You know, I really want it to count. I feel like if it doesn't count, then I feel a real sense of failure."

The Copelands' personal animal family consists of two basset hounds, Fred and Wilma, and two Arabian horses, Aja and Freestyle. People

laughed when Jack Copeland sat down on a horse. "They said, 'Have you ever taken any lessons?' and stuff like that. But I love to ride. It's a kick. I love my horse. I like to take care of him." He says it's a good way to rid himself of the tensions, completely forget the problems he can't solve, the deadlines he can't meet. Jan says actually Jack barrels down washes at "mach-one speed." And he doesn't exactly leave the office behind — a portable phone and a beeper are along for the ride.

Same thing with skiing. Copeland says as a beginner he spent most of his time picking himself up from pratfalls. Now he'll admit to being intermediate.



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Jan, an accomplished skier who got him started, counters that Jack rips down the slopes and is better than she is. "It's disgusting," she says.

Yet, there are contrasts. The man who works in a sanitized, orderly environment turns his kitchen into a health inspector's nightmare cooking blueberry pancakes on weekends. The man who can stay alert thirty-six hours making precise adjustments to human hearts has trouble keeping his eyes open in a movie theater.

"If you do things where you can fail without paying the big price, it's a lot of fun," Copeland says. "And I'm intending to do more and more things like that. In cardiac surgery, you *do* have to be perfect. There is no room for mistakes. You make a mistake, you pay for it, your patient pays for it."

There was a time, in the early '80s, when Copeland thought the price was too high. He almost quit in frustration. During the '70s, when Copeland was blazing new trails in human heart transplants, he was a staunch critic of artificial hearts as a solution. Robert Jarvik, designer of the first artificial heart implanted in a human being with FDA approval, remembers meeting Copeland at a medical conference — "He appeared pretty uninterested in working with it. Essentially he thought they were impractical at the time."

And Copeland recalls when that changed. The heart transplant unit was boasting the highest success rate in the United States. But after a series of victories, "I can remember about number fourteen or so, a real big guy. We got a heart and he died on the table. We put it in and he was dead. And that bothered me tremendously. We somehow didn't make the right judgment on the heart." They changed their protocol within the next six months, carefully tracking a

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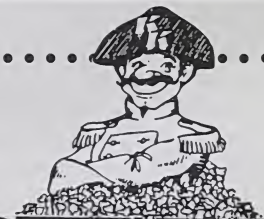
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donor's history. "But then a second guy died, [on the table] and I almost quit, almost stopped, because I thought, here we are, doing the best we can, and if we don't have anything to offer these people...."

"I hated so badly to be in that situation. It was truly an awful, awful situation to take a person who was alive — admittedly they were dying and admittedly they were limited and invalid to some extent — and in just a few hours, put in a heart that didn't work and not be in control of the situation. To me, it was extremely depressing.

"I almost threw in the towel. For a few days I really thought, I'm not sure I can go on with this. I could not take that kind of defeat. It was just too much, it was depressing as hell. I cried a lot about it, I talked to people about it...." He told a colleague, "I'm not going to go through that again."

He didn't.

In 1985, Thomas Creighton, thirty-three, was dying and received a heart transplant. Overnight his body began to reject it. Creighton was rushed onto the heart-lung bypass machine to keep him alive while Copeland fought for time. You can't keep a patient on bypass for long without the threat of deadly complications — metal and steel and human blood are enemies. Calls were placed nationally for another donor heart. But there wasn't one, and Copeland, desperate, decided on trying an artificial heart as a bridge. UMC called Dr. Cecil Vaughn at St. Luke's in Phoenix, who developed the unapproved and untested Phoenix heart, and Dr. Jarvik at Symbion Research Lab in Salt Lake City.

Symbion turned down Copeland's request. Copeland wasn't licensed to use its device. Jarvik now says, "Without the appropriate preparation, in desperate emergency it wouldn't work." But despite the company's objections, University of Utah's Dr. Donald Olsen (also associated with Symbion), made a decision. He took two Jarvik hearts on a jet to Tucson, ignoring the possibility of a lawsuit.

The Phoenix heart arrived first. Vaughn and Copeland popped it into Creighton's chest. Surgery was tense. There were major problems, things broke, Creighton bled a lot, the phones were ringing. There was not time to think. Then they all sat in the lounge and waited, planning strategy, what to do next. "It seemed like five days in ten hours," Smith recalls.

By now the Jarviks had arrived and the surgeons debated using one — the Jarvik was already tested in humans and was more sophisticated — when a call came from Las Vegas with a donor heart. Creighton was still alive. He had been on the Phoenix heart for eleven hours when the donor heart was transplanted. He lived another thirty-six hours, dying as a result of infection from being on the heart-lung machine too long.

The case changed national policy.

The FDA investigated, finally clearing Copeland of using a device without authorization and eventually ruled that other centers could use the Jarvik. Prior to that, only Dr. Peter DeVries had permission to implant it.

After Creighton's death, Copeland and his medical team received training in artificial devices. The next time this came up, they would be ready. They didn't have to wait long. Five months later, twenty-five-year-old Michael Drummond was deteriorating rapidly while waiting for a donor heart. He was placed on the Jarvik 7 on August 28, 1985, to buy time. Nine days later, Copeland successfully replaced the Jarvik with a human heart, and made

history again. Drummond was the first person in the world to survive a bridge to a transplant. Still healthy today, he lives and works in Phoenix.

Times have changed. As the demand spirals, Copeland now views mechanical devices as a lifeline in the waiting line for human hearts. Control has been put back in Copeland's hands.

He tries to slow down and relax. Four years ago, he drove an '81 Toyota. Now he scoots around town in a metallic gold BMW convertible. He just surprised Jan with a real vacation — Paris with no medical conferences, no papers to deliver. They have moved from a modest Sam Hughes house to an ex-

pensive Foothills home. Each Sunday morning he plays doubles tennis. The serve is good, there is topspin on the forehand, but he isn't too aggressive, doesn't scrape his knees lunging for shots he can't reach. He politely compliments others on their play. And when he screws up, moans "Ohhhh, Jack."

He ambles off the court like a man without a care in the world. In the parking lot he's just another hacker stuffing his racket bag in his car trunk. It's 9:15 a.m. and he's got the whole day ahead of him.

Well, maybe.

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Judgment Day

Part Two: The Democrats

They helped decide the fate of Republican Governor Evan Mecham, now the voters will decide theirs in the fall election. Will Democrats gain from the Republicans' schism? On the following pages you'll find the private journals of three Democratic legislators who voted to oust Mecham — putting a Democrat back in the governor's office. City Magazine asked them to record their thoughts on the impeachment and trial of the governor.

Compiled by Norma Coile
Photography by Foto Foto



John Kromko

Rep. John Kromko, a Democrat from Tucson's central city and West Side (District 11), was chairman of the Pima County Democratic Party during the Mecham recall movement in 1987 and the impeachment in 1988. He later stepped down from that party post, saying it was too time-consuming.

Kromko had been dogged by media reports that he helped Evan Mecham in his Republican primary race against Burton Barr in 1986. However, Kromko, a computer expert, maintains he merely shared some voter-targeting data with a friend at a computer company that then independently sold the information to Mecham's campaign. Kromko says all of his efforts in '86 were meant to benefit the Democrats' nominee for governor, Carolyn Warner. (Mecham originally was viewed by Kromko and others as an easier opponent for Warner than Barr would be. But the entry of a third candidate in the general-election race, independent Bill Schulz, changed that equation, and Mecham ultimately beat both Warner and Schulz.)



Peter Goudinoff

Peter Goudinoff is Kromko's fellow representative, and Democrat, from Tucson's District 11. A lecturer in political science at the University of Arizona, Goudinoff is seeking his seventh term in the House, making him one of the more senior members.

Goudinoff was one of the first public figures to use the word "recall" in the early days of Gov. Mecham's term. The month Mecham was sworn in, a column by Goudinoff in the *Arizona Daily Star* described the mechanics of recall in Arizona. "If, for instance, you wanted to recall a governor..." Goudinoff slyly wrote.

He and Kromko faced a primary last month against fellow Democrat Jorge Garcia. As of our press-time, both incumbents were expected to move on to the Nov. 4 general-election race against Republican challengers Ed Torrejon and Mike Price. Impeachment is an issue. Torrejon told the *Tucson Citizen* he is "not a Mechamite," but that he does agree with much of Mecham's political philosophy. Price has complained that the legislature allowed Rose Mofford to become governor without a vote of the people.



Alan Stephens

Sen. Alan Stephens, whose District 6 includes part of South Phoenix, Casa Grande, Ajo and Gila Bend, is the Senate (Democratic) minority leader. As such, he led the Democrats' successful move to complete the impeachment trial before the scheduled recall election on May 17th of this year. (The election later was cancelled by the Arizona Supreme Court, after the Senate had voted to convict Mecham on two impeachment charges.)

Although Stephens voted to convict Mecham on both counts, he was one of three Democrats who voted against — and thereby prevented the passage of — the so-called "Dracula Clause." It would have barred Mecham from ever again seeking public office in Arizona. (In its absence, Mecham revealed at the Republican National Convention in August that he intends to run for governor in 1990, unless he sees a better candidate come forward.)

Stephens is unopposed for re-election.



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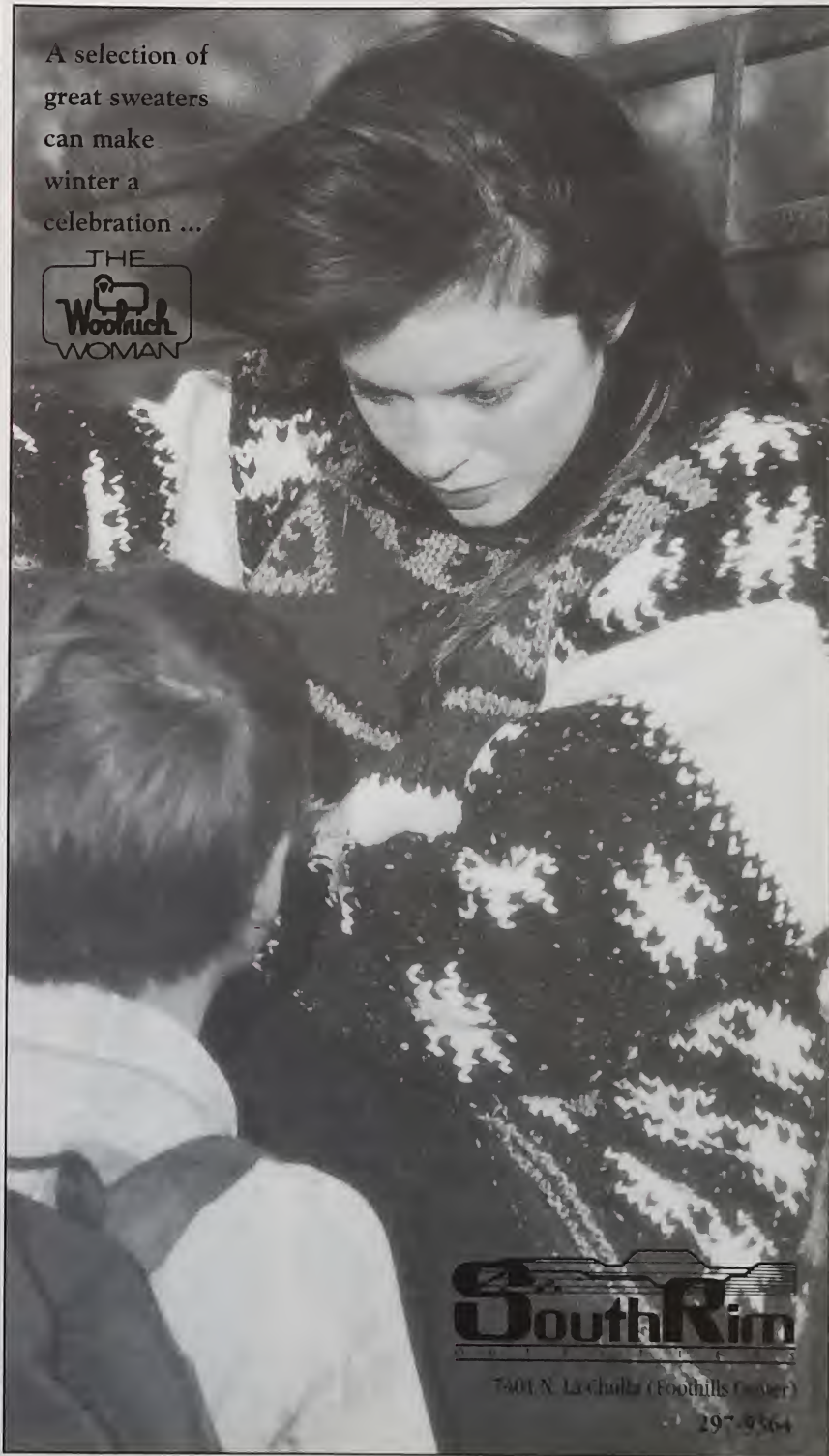
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First thing, I remember when [House Speaker] Joe Lane appointed a committee looking into investigating impeachment. Now right away I was suspicious of that, because the recall was going, it was clear there were going to be enough signatures, that there was going to be a recall election, and no one was talking impeachment, really, except for a few political science professors. There was no call for impeachment, and I really had to wonder why Joe Lane did that. To this day I'm convinced that somebody must have sat down and decided that they needed to impeach, and therefore they must have decided they couldn't afford to go to a recall election. Now I'm not sure what their motives were, but that was immediately obvious to me. Because you can't imagine Joe Lane, who's [a Republican] in a heavily Democratic district with a lot of Mormons, knowing that the recall was going to go, just deciding to do the impeachment. At first I thought there was pressure from the Republicans because Mecham had become so embarrassing. But as things went on it was clear that the rank and file Republicans — precinct committeemen, district chairmen, legislators — had no idea that the impeachment was going to move forward. And many legislators said, privately at least, that Joe Lane didn't act with their advice and consent in mind. So it seems to me that Joe Lane couldn't have decided to do that on his own. I'm convinced that some community leaders — huh! — so-called community leaders, decided that Mecham was too embarrassing and they had to get rid of him. Now they knew they were going to get rid of him in the recall anyway, so why impeach? That's a major question.

Okay, the next piece in the puzzle here is when Lane appointed this French guy to do this report, this investigation — and at this point I still wasn't taking the impeachment very seriously. I didn't think that Republican members of the legislature would stand for it. Clearly, even at this point, they must realize that to support impeachment would split the Republicans. And, for example, [Attorney General Bob] Corbin, who probably had a chance to become [Republican] governor of the state of Arizona through election, must even at this point realize that if he loses support of the far right of the Republican Party that he probably couldn't be elected. So, a very curious situation here with the French Report being called for. The French report was a shock to me. There was, as far as I'm concerned, no attempt at objectivity at all. As people realize, I wanted to look at this, I didn't want to personally rush into anything, and I wanted to be fair — even though I didn't like Mecham at all, and I agreed with people who thought he was a racist and a sexist and everything else. I thought then, and still think, the man deserved a fair hearing.

But the French Report was truly a shock. He came back with an indictment instead of a report. I was surprised at the members of the Republican caucus — and some of them did stand up and express this opinion — but I'm surprised they didn't do more. Because there was nothing in the whole thing that presented anything with Mecham's side — how Mecham might have looked at it, or how he might have been justified. Instead it was loaded with charges and had plenty of buzzwords in it, like "laundering of money" and "smoking gun" — it was almost like a prosecuting attorney making arguments before a jury.

I was surprised that Mr. French was paid so much. This report was really nothing. If you go back and look at it, you'll see that all he did was staple and photocopy a lot of things the attorney general had already collected, and other people had collected. So the amount of money made me suspicious, that somebody would need that kind of money, and that Lane and Company



John Kromko

would agree to that kind of money for a report that really turned up nothing new. Almost everything in the report had been reported in the media already, and almost all of the research had been done by somebody else already. The people really got ripped off with this one.

Now it's clear that the impeachment proceeding is rolling. It doesn't seem to be politically sound. First of all, it's going to put Republican legislators in jeopardy, make them vote on this thing. However they vote, they're going to be hurt. Doesn't cause much trouble with the Democrats; people aren't going to blame us for it either way. And not many people who supported Mecham are voting Democratic anyway, so I don't see where it bothers us. So I wonder what the upside of this is for the Republicans? You have to look at this: as far as I can tell, at this point, they are planning to put their own person in the governorship.

We, by this time, have already switched in the Pima County Democratic Party to supporting the recall, of course — I think a good political move. But I counseled [Art] Hamilton/[Alan] Stephens/[Sam] Goddard/[Glenn] Davis and all these people [who are leaders of the Arizona Democratic Party] that what we should do is take a very cautious attitude here. We have to be very careful that the Democrats are not blamed for the recall and the im-

peachment. There seems to be nothing in that for us. We let the Republicans fight this out, we take a very fair appearance. I think it's important for us to stay out of it and to be very fair and let the Republicans do whatever they want to do. So, the Democratic leaders in the state pretty well agreed with this position, and that's the tack we take here. And I think it's a good one.

Now, I'm still very suspicious at this point, because I can't see why the Republicans are doing this. They could just go for the recall election, and have it done with that. So I'm convinced that the Republicans somehow intend to put John Rhodes or Bob Corbin in the governor's chair, and I'm worried that they are going to hope that Democrats Carolyn Warner and Rose Mofford split the vote against each other, with Rhodes being the only Republican. When you see that, the Republicans have to get rid of Mecham, that Mecham has to be taken off the ballot at any cost. Because if Rhodes and Mecham are on the ballot, the Demo-

crats win anyway. By this time, Rose Mofford is clearly the choice; Democrats are realizing that Carolyn Warner is not going to become governor. Carolyn is slipping badly in the polls.

We have a tremendous battle in our caucus at this point because the Democratic House members now are willing to vote for impeachment, to vote to send it to the Senate. And I am furious in the caucus, convinced that we should hold out for knowing that the election will be called off. I don't think this is unreasonable; it's not right for a legislator to have to vote to do something if he thinks that doing that would plunge the state into a constitutional crisis, that it wouldn't be clear who would be governor. It's very frightening at this point because it's not clear whether the governor stays in office, or not. That, and not being very clear whether the recall election is off or on. Very strange ruling from the attorney general, all along, that the election goes on no matter what. Doesn't make any sense at all, which increases my suspicion. Because anybody in his right mind here would have to realize that these recall petitions say "recall of Evan Mecham," yet the attorney general rules that once the election is scheduled, it has to go on even if Mecham is impeached or dies. Doesn't make sense; they're not recalling "the governor," they're recalling Ev Mecham.

Anyway, with that in mind, we

have a battle in caucus. Actually, everybody has caved in by this time, except me and one or two people, to not hold out and get a guarantee that the election will be called off. And I consider this disastrous. I give a speech in the caucus — they all realize I'm right, but nobody has the courage anymore in our caucus to hold out, because they're all afraid of being crucified in the media if they don't vote to send it [impeachment] to the Senate. So, hopeless situation here, from my point of view, and the Democrats do, indeed, get on the bandwagon. We realize that if the Democrats all voted against impeachment, against sending it to the Senate, that the Republicans would not dare send it to the Senate. Even though I think we had them in a precarious situation here, we don't play out our hand. We go along without making a stand on the bill to call off the election, even though there is a bill floating around, and we could insist on passing it.

Of course, we didn't vote to send it to the Senate until we'd heard all the testimony in the House hearings. The House hearings: to me, the committee seemed loaded up. When you think about it, the [legislators on the committee who are] lawyers, [John] King and [David] Bartlett, and the chairman, [Jim] Skelly, would clearly dominate the House impeachment committee. And these guys had all made up their minds in advance, even long before there was any evidence presented. These three had already decided that the House should vote and send it to the Senate; as a matter of fact, they were convinced that the guy was guilty. So it looked to some people, at first glance, like the committee was stacked. But I'm not sure it was; these people were logical choices — Bartlett and King, since they're lawyers — to be on there. So it probably was a fair committee, except for picking Skelly to be the chairman — I thought that was a little strange. I'm surprised nobody objected, because Skelly had long been a Mecham critic [despite being a conservative Republican lawmaker].

Now, the Democrats' strategy of taking a cautious approach here seemed to be working very well. There were a lot of hate letters and calls directed at the Republicans, and there was talk of recall of Republican legislators who vote for impeachment. Anyway, the hearing is held. Mecham clearly does himself in here. At this point, it becomes clear how inept this guy is, as far as public relations are concerned. A total lack of understanding of what he's saying, how that affects the public. It's a shame — I shouldn't say a shame — but it's curious, when you look at it, you could see that many times he thought he was making points for himself. The smugness with which he answered. And in many of those cases I saw what he was trying to say, but he didn't put himself across well. And the public becomes more and

more suspicious through all of this. A lot of this, clearly, at this point is not what he did, but how he presented it. Just his smugness on the camera, his arrogance, the lack of saying things in the right way. So the sense of timing here, and the sensitivity to how people would feel, is totally lacking in Mecham. And this is probably counting, at this point, for much more than anything he did.

The people just get convinced that he's guilty, and I could feel in the House the whole tide turning against him. Not at all on the evidence, but just on the man's attitude and presentation — although there are a considerable number of Republicans who know in their hearts that they have to get rid of this man, whether he's guilty or not. Indeed, that's the whole point of all this. The Republicans know that they have to get rid of him, they know how they have to vote, and the evidence is truly not important. They have to convict. There's no return at this point, because to cave in would make Mecham governor again, and expose them to his considerable wrath. And no Republican legislator can afford to be in that position. The momentum is there and the whole circus is rolling.

It's clear that Mecham's people are just his worst enemies. Some of the best witnesses are Mecham's appointees and his department heads and staff. Although I have always mistrusted [Mecham's legislative liaison] Donna

Carlson, and I have to wonder whether [former top Mecham aide Sam] Steiger and Carlson and some of these people weren't knowingly in on some plot to get rid of Mecham, because it just fits into place too easily, just too many things happening. This thing about Donna Carlson being threatened — it's as if they set it all up. No reasonable person here could believe that [Lee] Watkins really intended to kill Donna Carlson, or to have any harm come to her. It just doesn't make any sense — and reasonable points like that are just not brought up — that if this man intended to do anything to her, he certainly wouldn't be telling people. Anyway, the whole thing is done just terribly, from Mecham's point of view. His people just give the wrong testimony, put the wrong interpretation on what happened, it's a disaster. And Mecham would have been much better off if he'd just kept his mouth shut and not even have appeared. Of course, in his whole term of governor, he'd have been better off if he'd not said anything. Anyway, he does himself in in the hearings, and the attitude of the House turns against him.

Members of the House by this time are afraid not to vote to send it to the Senate, and there's little chance for my proposal of insisting on finding out what the rules are if we impeach: whether the election will be called off, whether Rose will become governor.

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And the Democrats proceed, voting for impeachment, because there's really not much choice for them; public opinion has really swung against Meham, I think, and the media, especially, are even more hostile than they've ever been. So, a very difficult situation, and the House votes to send it to the Senate. A very emotional situation.

The impeachment vote happens in the House, and it's kind of hard on me, because I know that a lot of this is bogus, and I say so on the floor — "death threat," can you imagine any serious person thinking there was any real death threat? I mean it's just so obvious that even the cops didn't believe it. Anyway, the only charge I can see that's reasonable is that Meham knew that he had borrowed from [Tempe developer Barry] Wolfson, that he had personally signed two notes for \$50,000, and he didn't report that in his January personal financial disclosure statement. He must have known that he owed that; in this case, it's very unambiguous. It just tells you to list everybody you owe money to. This is very clear: he didn't list it. I don't understand why he didn't list it, he was already the governor, and he could have listed it. But he didn't, and that was the charge that made up my mind for me. That caused me to believe that he had intended to do something wrong. So I voted for impeachment, but in a lot of the other stuff, the charges just aren't

sound, and the articles of impeachment are so broadly drawn, they accuse him of everything. I mean, many things clearly that he didn't even do. Or, like not reporting a campaign expenditure — the constitution says clearly that you get impeached for crimes committed while you're in office. But the prosecutors charged that there was an ongoing crime there, that carried over from the time he didn't report his campaign [loan], until the election, and after. Very strange rulings.

So, I'm convinced that the Republicans have some ulterior motive in this, because why put themselves through it? I get more convinced that they intend to somehow put Rhodes in the governor's chair. Anyway, the articles are sent over to the Senate.

The Senate hearings drag on and on. It looks like they ask the same question over and over again. I think Meham's lawyers are terribly inept, Meham is terribly inept, his whole crew is terribly inept. It's awful. I still don't think the guy really did anything impeachable. I hate to say that, but if you look at it, he did a lot of really stupid things, but I'm not sure they were impeachable things. But, the die is cast. As you recall, he used to veto bills, Republican bills, if the sponsor would even say something bad about him. So now they realized they'd never get a bill passed in their lives if they don't do away with this guy.

Some legislators are just terrible in the hearings. I think some of these people have damaged themselves terribly in the political campaigns of the future. The Senate, of course, votes for conviction. In my mind it's been clear for a long time that that's what would happen. I had met, by this time, with some of the [new] governor's staff, and they are convinced that the Supreme Court will rule in Rose Mofford's favor and call off the election. I wish I were as confident at this point as they are. The Attorney General's opinion that Rose could run, if her campaign were run by a separate committee, is totally bizarre. I have lost a lot of respect for Bob Corbin during this whole proceeding. He used to be pretty straightforward, and not nearly so political. Now, the full force of the political Bob Corbin is revealed. These are truly self-serving decisions.

Anyway, Carolyn Warner now realizes what everybody else realized much earlier, that she is very unpopular — and this is something that will have to be studied someday. I don't know what it is, but she has truly turned people off. So, she is dropping out if Rose Mofford is the candidate. And indeed, Rose Mofford is the candidate. □

[But as we eventually learn, there will be no recall election. Mofford will be governor until the regularly scheduled gubernatorial election in 1990.]

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Part One

The indictments against the governor came down the day before the legislative session started [in January]. Then on Monday the State of the State address was everyone walking on eggshells, waiting for the French Report, which came out on January 19th.

The French Report was a peculiar event, essentially a prosecutor's opening statement. The Democrats' caucus had taken a position that no one would commit to an impeachment vote until the caucus had met to discuss it. Following the conclusion of French's report, Art Hamilton called a caucus and as we stepped into the outer lobby, there was a solid wall of TV lenses and lights facing us. The caucus was nothing, in fact never occurred because following the report no one was convinced that impeachment was a certainty. The caucus was in turmoil all along on the issue. The politics of it seemed obvious: the longer Mecham stays in office, the better it is for the Democratic Party. But at the same time we don't want people to think that we want to keep Mecham in office.

We had a long, intense closed caucus one day arguing over whether caucuses should be open. Bartlett had earlier suggested that we make it a policy that all caucuses on impeachment be open to the public. Kromko asked that the caucus be closed. His point was that this was purely political scheming and we shouldn't pretend it was anything other than that. I tried to make the point that the impeachment was different. It wasn't just another "get your thirty-one [votes] together and run it out on the floor"; that we had nothing to gain by closing the caucus and, indeed, quite a bit to lose. Certainly the news media felt our caucus should be open. The issue was never resolved.

The French Report had several holes in it: for one thing, the question of the protocol fund revolves around whether or not it was truly public money. Lee Watkins' threat to Donna Carlson leaves people wondering where the governor truly obstructed an investigation. Did he know, for example, there was an investigation under way? And then the Wolfson loan is as confused as ever, but the primary question we have is: Can you impeach someone for things done before he took office? But the biggest issue of the French Report is the technical aspect of grounds for impeachment. French states that the standard is "probable cause" and provides no citation for it. So the bottom line on the report was that we ended up with more questions than answers.

Up until this time we had no information that the House was going to hold hearings on the subject. A week earlier the word was that the French Report was going to be on a Friday and on the following Monday we'd vote on impeachment, with no floor debate.

The [Democratic] caucus found that unacceptable and basically dug in, saying there was no way we would vote for an impeachment resolution under those circumstances. The threat worked and the next week Joe [Lane] scheduled hearings. The ten-member committee was picked and the fun began. Our four members of the committee are pretty well balanced. Debbie [McCune] is the only woman on the panel, something we understand Republican women are very upset about. Dick Pacheco is there because he insisted, and Art put [conservative Democrat] Jack Brown on in a master stroke. Bartlett is holding my seat, my suggestion since he's a very good lawyer.

The first hearing began with Milstead coming down in full uniform, including his .357 Magnum Smith & Wesson on his hip. I wondered if it was loaded. He did have bullets in his belt. Some people compared Milstead with Ollie North, what with the uniform and all, but in all honesty I didn't see the parallel. The Mechamites on the com-

there was this real threat and so how could he possibly have obstructed a criminal investigation? This dovetails with his statement that he knew little or nothing of the affair. Assuming that's true, then it makes sense that he would be unaware of the gravity the attorney general and others have imparted to the business.

Similarly, when Johnson testified that Max Hawkins had been informed of the affair, it assumes that Max Hawkins believed that this was a "death threat." That's not made clear in the testimony. So it's obvious to me that there is a railroad job going on but the governor keeps insisting on laying down on the tracks.

Part Two

We finally had our closed caucus Monday with [Democrats' counsel Paul] Eckstein. He did say one interesting thing: that Murray Miller's defense of Mecham's dipping into the protocol fund is, in effect, an admission of another crime.



Peter Goudinoff

mittee focused on the question of whether he told the governor that what Mecham was asking was against the law. And, of course, he did not. I thought the strangest thing in Milstead's testimony was his assertion that he was surprised to hear of the governor's animosity toward the attorney general. Maybe he doesn't read the papers.

The next hearing was Beau Johnson and was designed to cover the gaps in Milstead's testimony. Since Milstead failed to warn the governor that he may be committing a crime by trying to stop the investigation, Johnson stated over and over that he had informed the governor that this was a possible felony offense. Of course Bartlett is pointing out, privately, that the issue of a crime is irrelevant since the term that is the grounds for impeachment — "high crimes, misdemeanor and malfeasance in office" — is essentially a term of art. It doesn't refer to real crimes but rather abuse of the office. I suspect that will come out pretty soon.

What most interested me about Johnson's testimony was the inability of the Mechamites to find the holes in it. They don't take advantage of the opportunity to discuss the governor's state of mind — as in when Johnson informed the governor of the threat, and the governor may not have taken the whole thing seriously. The governor's defense is that he didn't feel

Kromko carried on in the caucus about how the Democrats have Republicans right where they want them and we ought to get our act together, but he didn't have any specifics. Reid Ewing boycotted.

That evening the Special Committee met to take up the protocol fund issue and the case certainly looked very damaging to the governor.

That night Art Hamilton [leader of the House Democrats] also told us to beware of the morning *Republic* having a story alleging that Eckstein is chairman of a committee for Carolyn Warner's election. It is alleged that there was a meeting between Eddie Basha [a Mesa Democrat], Art and Eckstein, and that this proves the Democrats are foot-dragging in order to help Carolyn Warner's election. Of course the charges are absurd since, number one, even if we voted an impeachment tomorrow, the Senate would fool around with it for months, thus guaranteeing an election; and secondly, Arthur, along with Alan Stephens, has co-sponsored a measure to cancel any recall election in case the governor is removed from office via impeachment. Nonetheless, the heat builds up.

Had a chat with [Republican Sen.] Peter Kay at the Trial Lawyers' reception and he agreed that if the Democrats don't do it [in the legislative election] this year, we're never going to do it. He sees nothing but disaster ahead

[for his Republican Party].

Tuesday morning: The *Republic* story was pretty weak. Looks like Art essentially did a preemptive strike on it, although a lot of people here are unhappy about being stuck with Carolyn Warner.

Got a call from the *Christian Science Monitor* wanting to "pick my brain" about how the state is doing under the Mecham problem. Also news today: for the first time, got a call from Channel 10 wanting to know about a subject *other than Mecham*. They were concerned about the air-quality bill we're going to be hearing in Transportation this afternoon.

Cindy Resnick is upset that Debbie [McCune] and David [Bartlett], [Dick] Pacheco and even Jack [Brown] are not asking tough questions as members of the Select Committee. I saw [Mesa Republican Rep.] Bob Broughton at the Country Club tonight — Hensley's, major dope [beer] dealers, putting on a big do. He's getting cold feet; has some questions as to whether an impeachment resolution can get out of the Republican caucus.

In the committee, Jack Brown did a great good ole boy imitation while he questioned the difficulty of doing campaign forms. But this doesn't really address the question that Mecham falsified his personal expense statement. Afterwards, hanging about in Art's office, we had a good yuk. Discovered that neither Art nor Armando [Ruiz] signed recall petitions.

Wednesday morning: Montini's column this morning in the *Republic* hit it right on the head. The hearings are boring, not getting into anything new. We Democrats are sort of like the dog that was chasing the fire truck. What does he do with it when he catches it?

Hearings resume Wednesday afternoon. Big yuk watching Leslie Johnson wearing this outrageous fuchsia, or magenta actually, feathered hat while giving a TV interview. It'll blow out the magnatron.

Bill Long [chairman of Mecham's Inaugural Committee] has been the best witness for the governor so far, but tonight David got him to admit that the Mecham Pontiac loan out of the protocol fund was morally wrong. Just saw *Arizona Daily Star* reporter Sue Carson. She said her lead in the final edition will be that Bartlett smirked about his question. David's not going to be happy.

Thursday morning: David didn't even get quoted in the morning *Republic*. Thursday afternoon: I just had a call from a former student, Josh Moss, who's now working at the *Tampa Tribune*. I think that's the farthest-away reporter I've heard from — farther than the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune* reporter who interviewed me on opening day.

Richard Burke testifies this afternoon. He comes in an ugly green polyester jacket and no bolo tie. He and Bill Long essentially have been the only pro-Mecham witnesses we've heard. This was probably a bone thrown to the

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right-wingers in the [Republican] caucus who were complaining about lack of fairness. The appearance of either of them did not stem the weight of evidence against the governor. Long came the closest by insisting that the [protocol] fund was private money.

Part Three

In Tucson. I'm comparing the headlines in the *Phoenix Gazette* and the *Tucson Citizen*. The *Citizen* says "Mecham's Request for Full House Hearing Denied," whereas the *Gazette* headline said "Mecham Backs Off on Vow to Appear for Probe Panel."

Friday night Bartlett called asking for questions to ask Mecham. He's getting cold feet, doesn't want to be the first person to ask a question. I told him that any questions will probably come from Mecham's presentation and there's nothing wrong with keeping your mouth shut. He and I are both convinced we are going to vote "yes" on impeachment. He thinks Pacheco wants to vote "no" and now probably wishes he weren't on the committee. Also passed on the gossip that recall petitions were out in Phoenix for Bob Corbin and Jim Skelly.

Monday morning: Everyone's waiting for the governor's testimony. Speculation has been: one, that he won't show; two, that he'll come give a statement and march out; or three, a variation wherein he's giving a long rambling statement, Skelly cuts him off and then in a huff he gathers up his papers and marches out. Security is tight, but there isn't that great a crowd out there. Everyone is just waiting to see what's going to happen. Bobby Raymond came to me this morning and said that he'd gotten a guest pass for [recall leader] Ed Buck but didn't want to be seen giving it to him, so he's asking me if I'd be willing to give it to him. I said sure. Indeed, I'll shout across the room, "Hey, Buckaroo, here's your pass."

The governor looks drawn; he walked past me with his eyes downcast. He raises his hands to take the oath. The instant he does the cameras explode. Every time the governor turns his face to the right, where we're sitting, the cameras behind me explode. Perhaps the most overwhelming feeling is the banality of it all. Watching Skelly and Mecham quibble over the rules of procedure is really anticlimactic.

Later, they have their little tiff and the governor will refuse to answer questions. Basically the feeling is that this gives a round to the governor. Skelly made a statement, but the significant thing is that he adjourned the meeting rather than recess it. Dumb, really dumb [under the rules it then takes at least twenty-four hours to reconvene].

Joe Lane just walked by, looked a little nervous. We caucused after the governor's appearance. Kromko suggested that the governor be invited again to come down to answer ques-

tions at the Democratic caucus. We went round and round and the bottom line was we decided that the caucus position would be that the governor should be invited back to answer questions from members, and that our lawyer, Eckstein, would waive his privilege to ask questions. Kromko and I disagreed as to whether or not we should have a press conference with our own handout. As it turned out, we stepped out the door and I counted nine video cameras there, with a tenth arriving—an immense crush of press gathering for Art Hamilton's extemporaneous statement. He did a very good job.

Latest word is that the Republicans have seen the wisdom of the Democratic position and have invited the governor back to answer questions. Who would have thunk it?

Committee members look happy that Skelly's adjournment is giving them time to prepare. Bartlett said today that he was really getting tired. He predicts a vote by Friday. We're speculating on how many votes [to impeach] there'll be. I stick to my prediction of between forty-five and fifty-five. Cindy thinks there are only seven in the [Democrats'] caucus at the moment, whereas David and I think there are twenty.

Tuesday: Things are real slow. Bartlett predicts that the governor will be quite capable of dancing around the questions that the members can ask, and that he'll win this round as [he won] the earlier round.

Tuesday afternoon: The reporters are beginning to sniff around looking for the count on impeachment. They're guessing how many votes there are, thinking the Republicans have about twenty-five. Saw Debbie tonight before I left the building. She really looked exhausted. They've been working all day on a line of questioning with the lawyers. She's really overwhelmed by the complexity of it all. Debbie also said that they would have the report on the supercollider issue ready for tomorrow, both to give to Joe Lane and release to the press. She didn't know if that would prolong the work of the committee or not. [This had to do with a possible impeachment charge involving contract improprieties in the state's pursuit of the supercollider. The allegation was not pursued.]

While all of this has been going on, there's been a steady drumbeat of daily stories in the local paper pushing [Republican John] Rhodes for the recall election. The interesting thing about tonight's story in the *Gazette* was that Rhodes did not rule out running for reelection in 1990.

Wednesday: The governor is before the committee. When Murray Miller whispers in his ear, the cameras explode.

The only significant revelation I saw in the morning papers was that the governor did finally admit that he knew there was a "threat" of some sort.

At 2:30 p.m. we are still talking

about the alleged death threat. Bartlett is complaining about how boring it is and passed me a note saying that yes, indeed, it would be possible to read a newspaper while sitting with this committee. Steve Benson [*Republic* cartoonist] is sitting at the press table drawing cartoons for the amusement of the people. His most recent shows a very bored Jim Skelly thinking, "A boat ride sounds very good right now."

Well, the basic strategy worked. I told the guys this morning that they just had to be quiet and persistent in their questioning, that the governor was a dancer and that he would dance around, and dance around, and that they would have to keep counter-punching and counter-punching until they wore him down.

At 4 o'clock today David Bartlett did it. The governor announced that he could not continue for the day. Skelly said well, we'll recess until 6:30 p.m. The governor said no. Then Skelly said, "How about five more minutes for Bartlett?" The governor said no.

Thursday afternoon: We're on the floor preparing for Committee of the Whole [where all House members meet as one body to consider legislation]. Hot rumor is that Kromko has got a strike-everything amendment to cancel the recall election if the governor is removed by impeachment. Kromko called a policy caucus for the purpose of trying to convince the caucus to withhold votes on impeachment until

the House votes out a bill cancelling the recall election in the case of Mecham's removal from office. Consensus of the caucus was that he was crazy. That, number one, that's a Senate caucus issue; number two, Lane would go straight to the press and we'd be crucified; and number three, it's unethical in any event. He tried it in Committee of the Whole and failed.

It's after sundown now. Word is that Ratliff said, "We're going to stay all night Friday if we need to to get a vote out." We're already caucusing, going over the first charge — the obstruction of justice — with our lawyers taking opposing sides, and the members chipping in with questions and comments. So we have a thorough knowledge of what's going on.

After caucus had dinner at Oaxaca [a Capitol-area restaurant and watering-hole popular with legislators] with Larry [Hawke] and Debbie and David, all impeachment committee members. It's really fascinating how much knowledge they have of the governor's financial speculations. It's clear that now it's just the question of twisting the arms and banging the heads to get the votes. We expect people like Killian, even Giordano, to vote for impeachment, given the way the hearings have gone.

Part Four

Saw Arthur, committed, on a laundry list of his, to an impeachment vote. I'm getting tired of Mecham's pres-

entation. There's about one hour left for the governor to testify. Debbie just told me that the calls coming in are getting more and more obstreperous and are approaching the threat level. Bobby Raymond supposedly got a death threat this morning. She's asked the Department of Public Safety to put recorders on her phone, and Arthur's, to see if they can nail some of these people.

Mike Boyd of Channel 13 told me that Ratliff had a press conference. Ratliff called the governor last night and told him that the votes were there to impeach and that they were going ahead with it this afternoon. He said the governor took the news calmly and looks forward to his defense in the Senate.

There's a crowd in front of the Capitol as the governor's testimony concludes. People cheering, a few boos, maybe a total of seventy-five people. [Star columnist Tom] Beal invited us to lunch but then it turned out he didn't have any money, so we're all going to Jack in the Box to pay for our own.

A few minutes before 4 p.m., the first buzzer has sounded to reconvene and debate the impeachment resolution. Arthur says he's got fifteen solid, maybe more; the Republicans have around twenty-three. We shall see.

Once again, the galleries are far from full. When Leslie Johnson gave her speech opposing the motion to impeach, she was crying. Now Killian

is giving his speech and cracking up; can't seem to finish. I'm watching the photographers, their giant close-up lenses circling like vultures — "get a shot of Killian crying." Killian wipes a tear with a white handkerchief and then cameras explode. But still Killian votes no.

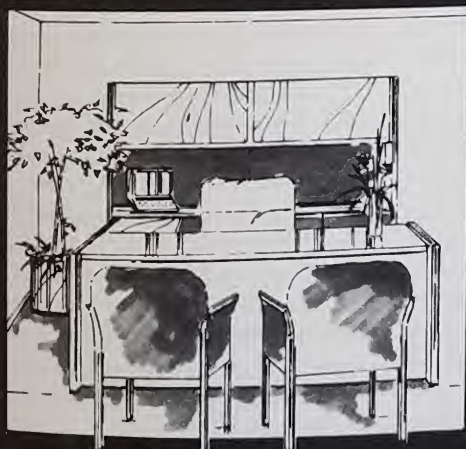
Final vote is forty-six to fourteen.

It's about 7:25 Friday night and the hot news is that Joe Lane called the governor and informed him that he was no longer acting as governor and that Rose was. We still think that's supposed to happen when the Articles of Impeachment are presented to the bar of the Senate and transmitted to the governor by the sergeant-at-arms.

Kind of cute: we went over to McDonald's to grab a bite and a couple of DPS guys walked along to cover Debbie.

Monday we debate the Articles of Impeachment in caucus. Kromko objected to the provision that the governor be forbidden from holding any office in the future. Argued his case and carried a vote in caucus, thirteen to seven. He thinks we should be sure that Mecham is on the recall ballot if there is an election. Come to find out, the Republican caucus wanted to jerk the "Dracula Clause" as well. So now we're all honked off at Kromko because we should have let the Republicans do it and then we could have beat up on them. □

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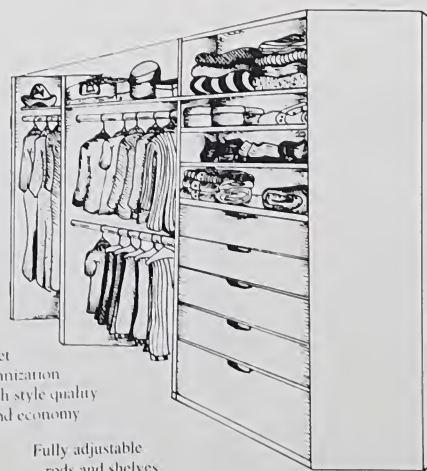
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2/1: All eyes are on the House impeachment committee as Gov. Mecham is slated to testify. Radios throughout the House and Senate buildings carry his testimony — even the central intercom system in the hallways transmits his every word. Many senators are going along with normal committee hearings, almost in a surreal cloud.

At 4 o'clock we hold a leadership meeting on ground-breaking rules for a court of impeachment, if the House acts to impeach. The meeting drags on for more than three hours, involving issues of the number of absences allowed for senators; whether senators can object to questions; will the Senate chamber accommodate the proceedings etc. As we break up, we find out that the House has decided to give in to the governor and allow him not to answer questions of the House lawyers, but, rather, to answer committee members' questions only. The House of Representatives came face to face with Gov. Mecham and they blinked.

2/5: The big day is here in the House. Our meeting on AHCCCS is interrupted by a call to join majority leadership to discuss trial rules. Everyone realizes the moment is almost here when the Senate will have the ball.

We all watch the House vote on the Senate president's television. I alternate between his office and mine, where a score of people, including my wife and our nine-month-old son watch intently. There is no joy in Mudville tonight. As I leave, a House member tells me that the lawyers are up to nineteen articles of impeachment. Given the rules we have drafted, that could drag the trial into six or eight weeks.

2/6: We meet on Saturday morning with our lawyers and two Supreme Court clerks. We agree that the benefits of engendering togetherness and a spirit of cooperation that would come from holding a joint [Republican and Democratic] caucus to finalize the rules is important. But one hitch is that we still must comply with the open meetings law until the trial opens. Our only option is to hold an executive session of all senators to review the rules with our attorneys. The press will be shut out, and furious. Bad publicity playing into the conspiracy theory of the governor will be the result.

2/8: The House Board of Managers arrives with the Articles of Impeachment — three main articles with twenty-three subsections. We adjourn, stunned by the length. With the articles officially received by the Senate, Rose Mofford is acting governor. After thirteen-plus months, a Democrat is back on the ninth floor.

2/11: The rules are released to the media and they are furious over the closed conference rule. We all feel the rule should not be used very much, but that

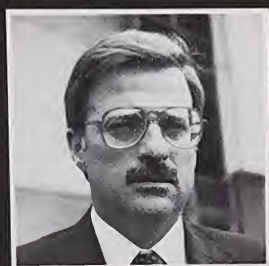
senators will need time, rather like a jury, to consult with our lawyers behind closed doors.

Nonetheless, Sen. John Mawhinney [R-Tucson] and I argue for narrowing the rule, defining when and what is to be discussed in closed meetings. But Bob Usdane and Carl Kunasek [the majority leader and the Senate president] want the rule kept as proposed.

2/12: Radio talk show hosts and newspaper headlines roast us, alleging that the trial will be held in secret.

Usdane and I try in vain to explain that reporters are misinterpreting the rule. By late afternoon we decide to journey down to the *Republic* and *Gazette* editorial group to try to straighten out the misunderstanding.

This attempt at explaining our position turns out to be a catastrophic mistake. Our meeting turns into a shouting match between [publisher] Pat Murphy, the R&G editors and ourselves. We leave the meeting depressed.



Alan Stephens

2/15: Savage editorials appear in the five major dailies. One of them names me, and two others name Sen. Usdane, as the main culprits in the attempt to "hold the trial in secret."

I expect members to begin to pressure us to change the rule. Much to my surprise, the first senator to approach me was Bob Usdane. In the hallway he handed me a letter and said that he had tried to reach Carl and myself about it over the weekend, to no avail.

The letter stated how he, Bob Usdane, had severe reservations about the closed meeting rule, and proposed several alternatives, opening up the process. Usdane informed me that the letter had already been distributed to the media.

All day members of both parties complained about Uzzie's letter leaving us all out on a limb. I felt hung out to dry. While most of our caucus had misgivings about closed [bipartisan] meetings, we felt it was a good alternative to closed, partisan caucuses — the only other option ever described to us by Republican leadership.

He apologized individually to me and others, explaining that it had been a mistake to release the letter without discussing it first with senators. As usual, Usdane was the master of understatement.

2/21: All weekend I had been reflecting on how bad the Senate will look when gavel-to-gavel coverage begins. Our

process and personalities will not come across very well on television.

The House process was relatively controlled compared to the upcoming trial, and House committee members drew up questions after consultation with staff and counsel. Our time for preparation will be severely limited.

In the afternoon we launch into debate over who should pay for impeachment. The Senate has a bill appropriating \$1 million to cover costs of the trial; a separate House bill is to cover the \$278,000 cost of French's investigation and the House hearings.

2/29: The trial begins at long last, after a weekend of taunts and criticism by Gov. Mecham about our intrusion on his civil rights. He held a press conference to call for Arizonans to join with him in a battle to halt the trial. The strict constitutionalist Mecham is now in the embarrassing position of advocating federal intervention in a purely state issue. He claims he will go all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court

to get redress.

One amusing incident: A deposition from two investigators, the Johnstons, was briefly distributed. I am told it alleged threats and strange sexual behavior attributed to Department of Public Safety Director Ralph Milstead and perhaps Department of Corrections Director Sam Lewis. I had not read the document before Judge Gordon had it retrieved from our desks.

3/1: We are underway. Some senators continue to seek autographs on their copies of the impeachment rules, resembling seniors at the high-school prom. The surreal atmosphere belittles the serious business at hand.

[William] French makes a fairly succinct opening statement of his case [for the prosecution]: that a real death threat existed, and that Gov. Mecham attempted to cover it up by asking DPS Director Milstead not to cooperate with an ongoing attorney general's investigation.

Fred Craft's opening statement for the defense centers on a possible conspiracy against Mecham, a political outsider. He alleges that DPS, the media, and the attorney general all had an axe to grind. Throughout his speech, he resorts to shouting into the microphone. I mention to a colleague that I need cotton balls in my ears to survive future speeches by Craft, given my front-row seat.

During cross-examination of an

early witness, DPS Officer Martinez, [prosecution lawyer Paul] Eckstein delivered a bombshell by bringing out that Mecham tried to call Martinez over the lunch hour today.

A hush fell over the courtroom. Mecham had done it again. His attorneys had tried to muzzle him, but he still had access to a telephone.

3/7: Milstead was called to testify. He appeared truthful, never flinching during French's questions. He tried to convey the image of a loyal appointee who had merely tried to inform the governor [of the alleged death threat against former Mecham aide Donna Carlson by administration insider Lee Watkins].

During cross-examination, Craft's badgering led Judge Gordon to admonish him for shouting at Milstead. Craft eventually got Milstead to admit it was improper for DPS personnel not to order protection for the alleged victim, Carlson.

One of the significant episodes of today's proceeding related to an accusation by French that Watkins took six polygraphs [on the threat allegation] before he passed one. Furthermore, French alleged that [Watkins' supervisor] Max Hawkins and Watkins' attorney conspired to frame a question in such a way that Watkins could pass.

3/8: Next we got to the sleaze. Craft tried to get Milstead to admit that [former governor Bruce] Babbitt asked him to get married before he would be appointed as DPS director. French objected to the question as immaterial, and Judge Gordon sustained the objection. Next Craft asked about Milstead's relationship with [private investigator] Christina Juhl Johnston. The judge admonished Craft, reminding him of his previous ruling that sexual liaisons were not relevant to this proceeding.

3/9: Eckstein called Donna Carlson to the stand. Carlson had been critical of Lee Watkins and his role in the administration for a long time. She also testified that [Chief of Staff Jim] Colter told her Watkins was valuable and needed to be taken care of, therefore he could not be fired.

Carlson said she learned of Watkins' threat from Milstead, then called and met with Steve Twist of the AG's office. She also said she called Sam Stanton of the *Republic* so the world would know of the threat.

In Craft's now usual method of fishing instead of focusing on specific points, he landed a bombshell. Carlson said the governor wanted her to keep notes of conversations [and] votes of legislators which might be used against them politically. This revelation only further damages the governor's case. We all wonder if Craft was secretly in the employ of the House Board of Managers.

Max Hawkins [Department of Administration director who handled

Mecham's internal investigation of the alleged threat] appeared next. He characterized the threat incident as a minor spat between administration employees.

3/14: Several of us feel that while it is emotionally satisfying to ask Max Hawkins tough questions, we realize it is quite useless, because we believe Max will not tell us the truth.

3/15: Witness Christina Johnston was asked if she thought Milstead was truthful. She said he was a liar, corrupt and power hungry. Under cross-examination by French, she admitted that Milstead disgusted her. Senators, as we often do, asked questions which brought out everything that Craft wanted to ask, but was prohibited from asking by Judge Gordon.

3/16: Gov. Mecham was called and testified that he did not know Lee Watkins had a felony record, but was aware of a misdemeanor charge.

Mecham said he was alarmed that every key staff member of his administration was at one time or another being investigated by the attorney general.

He blasted Carlson for going to Milstead with the story that Mecham might fire him. And he said he had no intent to violate the law.

His performance has been good up to this point.

3/17: Mecham, again on the stand, sat back, admitting nothing, reinforcing his earlier testimony regarding denying Milstead's statements. It was obvious he had lied or misled us in regard to some issues, like whether he fired Lee or not, whether he knew Carlson was a grand jury witness or not.

Yet it was not established with clear and convincing evidence that Mecham told and meant to tell Milstead to obstruct justice by not cooperating with Corbin.

The difficulty with this trial is that it is clearly showing Mecham should not be governor, yet on this specific charge, the evidence is not conclusive. The one issue that is open is the governor's contention that Milstead and Johnson lied. He denied again that Lt. Johnson ever said [the threat was a] "felony."

3/25: Two columns have run in the Phoenix papers rating senators. John Kolbe in the *Gazette* blasted the Senate. He rarely is anything but critical of all elected officials. Montini in the *Republic* was somewhat kinder. Mecham is not the only one on trial. So are we. There are no winners in this process.

On the charge at hand today, the loan of "protocol" funds to Mecham Pontiac, the real question is: Was the fund public money? If it was, then an impropriety existed.

3/28: Today's proceedings were over-

shadowed by the release of a statewide poll over the weekend showing that Mecham and Mofford were tied for the lead among those most likely to vote in the recall election. The other three candidates were far behind. The specter of Mecham returning to office haunts the state. As we get closer to the recall election, the pressure will mount for the Senate to avoid a vote, and let the public speak. Such a decision would mean that we will have wasted two and a half months and nearly \$1.5 million.

3/30: The Board of Managers introduced as evidence portions of Gov. Mecham's testimony during the House hearings. Those quotes were in direct conflict with what Mecham told this court. Again, we are presented with more evidence that Gov. Mecham makes inconsistent statements under oath. Some people would call it lying.

Now the court turned to a procedural issue which had been discussed for weeks — namely, whether the Senate would be able to hear closing arguments on the first two articles, and vote on them before going to the third charge [on the unreported Wolfson loan to the Mecham campaign].

We recessed for discussion. It appeared to me that some members would just as soon never vote on the issue, if they could avoid it.

I explained that I was planning to move an amendment to the rules, allowing a vote after the first two articles. Sensing less than twenty votes necessary for that, we broke up the meeting to return to the floor.

I moved the rules change, explaining that it made logical sense to hear closing arguments while the evidence was still fresh in our minds. Several senators opposed my motion. Then it happened, out of the blue: Sen. Wayne Stump, a staunch Mecham supporter, moved a substitute motion to dismiss the Wolfson loan article with prejudice, meaning it could not be brought back before this court. If Stump's motion passed, the trial would be over and we would then be taking the final impeachment vote.

We were all bewildered. Senators huddled, seeking a sense of the vote count. Several asked if I would support the move, and I was somewhat undecided. Sen. Usdane came over and said in a rather harsh tone that he could [defeat it by] bringing in the two absent senators [Republicans Hal Runyan and Greg Lunn] if I or the Democrats were going to support the motion. I took his statement at the time as a threat.

At that moment, several issues raced through my mind simultaneously: the rumor I had heard that several Republican senators were hoping that the trial would drag out until the recall election, eliminating the political hazard of them ever having to vote; the merits of the legal argument of prejudicing the criminal trial, causing the charge to be dismissed; and Sen. Usdane's harsh tone a few minutes ago.

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I made a split-second decision to support the motion and communicated that decision to others.

Sen. Stump spoke up that he could not understand all the commotion, since he felt his motion only had three votes.

The roll call commenced. [Democrat] Lela Alston voted aye, shocking Sen. Jan Brewer [a Mecham supporter] so much that she voted no. Sens. Jeff Hill and Pat Wright [two other Mecham supporters] both passed. The Democrats all supported the motion. After the first vote, Sens. Hill and Wright both voted aye, causing Sen. Brewer to stand and change her vote to aye — giving Sen. Stump's motion the necessary sixteen votes to carry.

A shock wave passed through the body.

After adjournment, we held party caucuses. We [Democrats] all felt secure that we had voted our conscience.

3/31: In the press reports, Republican senators condemned our vote as partisan politics.

Several members of our caucus met with Sen. Mawhinney to explore the issue of reconsidering our vote. He pressed hard, saying none of the five Republicans who voted for the motion would budge.

The compromise proposed would allow for a motion amending the rules, forcing a vote on the first two articles before moving to the Wolfson loan. It would have to pass with twenty votes before one of us would move for reconsideration. We agreed to take the proposal to our caucus for reaction.

Our caucus was largely negative, although members agreed to think about it over lunch. Meanwhile, reporters told us that in open Republican caucus, Republicans were blasting Democrats, accusing us of partisanship and of increasing the chance that Mecham would be acquitted.

The results of their criticism, and

the fact that within twenty-four hours our thinking [in favor of dismissal] did not change, caused the deal to sour. At 3 p.m. I went to the GOP leadership and told them that there was no support in Democratic caucus for reconsideration.

I knew we were headed for a stormy weekend of concern across Arizona. The overwhelming majority of citizens wanted Mecham out and would be concerned that dismissal of the Wolfson loan article might help Mecham get back onto the ninth floor.

I felt comfortable with our decision. I believed that the strategy of the governor and his supporters, along with some senators, had been from the start to delay the trial to the recall. By dropping the third count, we were forcing an end to this agony and ensuring that the [upcoming] criminal proceeding against Mecham would not be terminated due to pre-trial publicity.

Easter Weekend: Newspapers across the state blasted our decision to dismiss. Republican senators implied in the media that they might acquit to embarrass the Democrats. The media suggested that we had made an enormous political gamble.

Polls were conducted showing Arizonans supported conviction.

I talked with many people, whose judgment I respected, who agreed with our decision. They, too, were convinced that if we moved to the Wolfson loan article, the trial would never end. As we drew closer to May 17th, the pressure would intensify, to let the recall election take place without the Senate voting.

4/4: Gov. Mecham sat at the defense table. The closing arguments were decisive. Eckstein tore into Mecham's defense of the obstruction charge. Craft, on the other hand, was inept in his defense of the governor. Eckstein accused the governor of being untruthful. Craft did not defend his veracity.

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After a brief caucus, the Senate decided to vote today at 4 p.m. At that moment, I knew Mecham would be convicted.

The 21 to 9 vote was somewhat surprising on the Milstead charge. Many senators had felt it was the weakest charge. However, Craft's failure to defend the governor's veracity may have swayed a couple of fence-sitting votes.

The vote on the protocol [or inaugural fund] loan was less surprising. The 26 to 4 vote, while impressive in number, came about because the act had been called "positively wrong" by the chair of the Inaugural Fund. "Positively wrong" is the *exact* language in the instructions given to us to define malfeasance.

The Dracula clause defeat was surprising to outsiders, but not to me. It was a far reach for the Senate to impose the same sanctions as a felony conviction brings, in the absence of clear evidence that a felony had been committed. Malfeasance yes, but this does not necessarily mean a felony was committed. This should be left up to the criminal court proceeding, later this month.

4/6: Speculation was rampant that one

of the thirteen senators who voted for the Dracula clause would move for reconsideration, opening up the issue. I informed the leadership that such a move would likely result in a couple of members changing their vote from aye to no, countering any other who reversed their vote the other way.

We all felt that it would be a mistake to reopen any of Monday's votes. What was done, was done.

The other major issue of the day was the issue of payment for the governor's attorney fees. We were given an itemized listing of \$202,000 worth of fees from lawyers, expert witnesses, investigators and secretaries.

Sens. Greg Lunn, John Hays, Jacques Steiner, Jones Osborn and Tony West all argued in favor, contending that this would be the first step toward the healing process. John Mawhinney and Peter Kay argued against the request.

I decided to vote "no" because Mecham was not an indigent, and I had doubts about whether we could legally pay his fees. The motion passed 16 to 13. His fees would be paid.

The trial is over, to the relief of all.

The past fifteen months have been the most chaotic, divisive and emotional in our state's history. □

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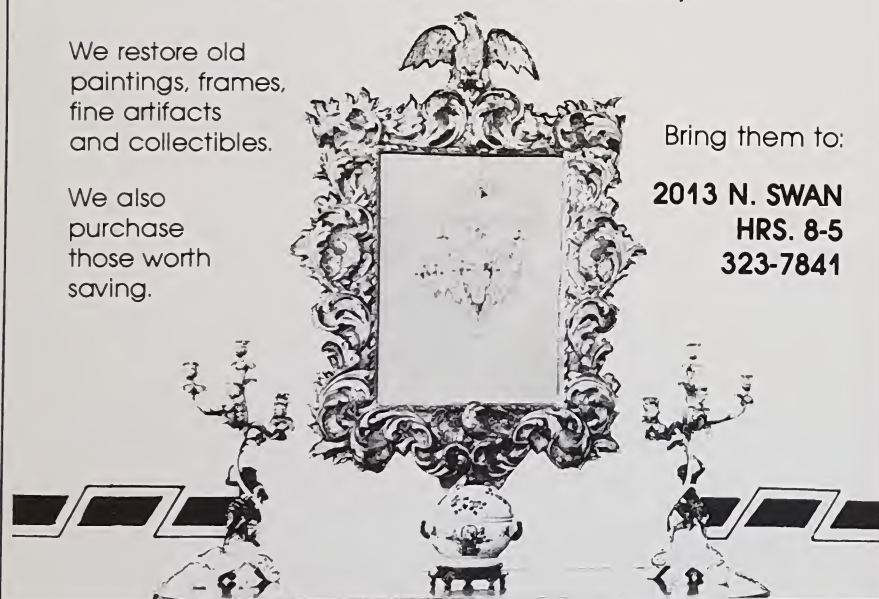
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BYRD

LITTLE STORIES

*They add up to 500 years of blood and
greed across the Americas*

BY BYRD BAYLOR

For several months I have been living in the books of the Uruguayan writer Eduardo Galeano. I have been imprisoned in his trilogy, *Memory of Fire* (originally published in Spain, now published in the United States by Pantheon), following the long, bitter, blood-soaked trail of history and greed across the Americas.

Galeano's emphasis is on Latin America, his "despised and beloved land." He recreates the New World (new only to its conquerors, of course) through a synthesis of fiction, drama, songs, chants, letters, ballads, speeches and prayers. It may be a long poetic novel. It may be an epic poem. Whatever it is, it is alive and you cannot read it passively.

The first volume, *Genesis*, opens with a section of indigenous creation myths (or truths) of pre-Columbian America, then moves to 1492, and ends with the death of Spain's Charles II in 1700. *Faces and Masks* takes in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The final volume, *Century of the Wind*, brings us up to 1984 to face the continuing inevitable tragedy built firmly on five centuries of injustice by the powerful against the weak.

Galeano has said that he was looking for the "little stories that would reveal the great ones." His little stories are fragments, moments in a life, moments in a death. Sometimes they are only a few lines, a paragraph or two, some a few pages. Some of the people are glimpsed in a single situation. Some return again and again as we follow them from birth to death.

The voice may be that of Balboa, unchained just long enough to smoke his last cigar; Indian captives being branded with hot irons; Malinche, mistress of Cortez, parading in Spanish finery in 1523; Pancho Villa in prison in Mexico City, learning to read, word by word, from the pages of *The Three Musketeers* and *Don Quixote*; eight centuries of Mayan literature going up in the flames of a bonfire in 1562; the poet Pablo Neruda, still writing poems as he moves at night from hideout to hideout in Chile in 1948.

We glimpse the henequen planta-

tions in Yucatan where one of every three Mayas is a slave and scientific farming is financed by New York banks. We watch the growth of United Fruit Company and International Harvester. We see American capital hungry for sugar and tobacco and coffee and rubber. And as the United States celebrates the conquest of the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, the Philippines, Cuba and Puerto Rico, "Mark Twain, the old spoilsport, proposes changing the national flag: the white stripes should be black, he says, and the stars should be skulls and crossbones."

These pieces form a collage, a brilliant mosaic, in which each tiny segment is necessary and in which the author finally (on the last page of the third volume) places himself as a part of that whole by including a letter to his translator affirming that, after all, he is "proud of having been born an American, in this shit, in this marvel, during the century of the wind."

The heading above each episode shows the year and the location. Numbers in parentheses at the foot of each text indicate major historical sources and documentation, which are listed at the back of the book. But they are unobtrusive and in no way hinder the flow of the text. Literal transcriptions and direct quotes are in italics.

Hundreds of major sources are noted—most of them in Spanish—and Galeano consulted thousands of books, periodicals and documents during the nine years he spent writing. He says in his introduction that there is nothing neutral about this historical narration. "Unable to distance myself, I take sides. I confess it and I am not sorry. However, each fragment is based on a solid documentary foundation. What is told here happened, although I tell it in my style and manner."

I do not want to make all this sound unbearably painful. I don't want to focus too much on the violence and cruelty because there is also irony and humor and tenderness and beauty, marvelous segments on the growth of indigenous art, on literature, native music and dances, which embody the spirit of a nation. And there is also the

overall hope that has to be part of anyone who struggles for social change and justice.

The author, a left-wing political activist in Uruguay, was editor of the weekly *Marcha*, the daily *Epoca*, and editor-in-chief of the University Press of Montevideo before he was forced to flee his country after a military coup in 1973. He lived in Argentina where he founded and edited the magazine *Crisis* for three years, until another military coup, when he went to Spain as a political exile. He has now returned to Uruguay.

The first English translations of Galeano's work were published by Monthly Review Press in the United States (*Guatemala: Occupied Country*, 1969, and *Days and Nights of Love and War*, 1983).

The original translator is still working with him, and Galeano says he and Cedric Belfrage have more than a friendship—"a brothership." Belfrage was born in London and came to the U.S. when he was twenty to write about movies in Hollywood. He was co-founder and editor of the *National Guardian* until 1955, when his name was on Joseph McCarthy's "black list" and he was deported. A writer of fiction and non-fiction, he now lives in Mexico.

Galeano sends every draft of a book to Belfrage, who not only suggests changes but fights for them all along the way. Each one admires the other's writing to the point that Galeano feels he has written the Spanish version and Belfrage feels he has written the English.

Now that America is approaching its 1992 celebration marking 500 years since the arrival of Columbus, *Memory of Fire* is more important than ever.

Surely some of us will feel the

anniversary calls more for shame than fireworks. Maybe it could begin with apologies to our brothers and sisters on this continent, not only for past crimes but for present ones as well. Because in some way, we must all share that collective memory of fire.

From *Century of the Wind*—

1984: Bluefields
FLYING

Deep root, lofty trunk, dense foliage: from the center of the world rises a thornless tree, one of those trees that know how to give themselves to the birds. Around the tree whirl dancing couples, navel to navel, undulating to a music that wakens stones and sets fire to ice. As they dance, they dress and undress the tree with streaming ribbons of every color. On this tormented, continuously invaded, continuously bombarded coast of Nicaragua, the Maypole fiesta is celebrated as usual.

The tree of life knows that, whatever happens, the warm music spinning around it will never stop. However much death may come, however much blood may flow, the music will dance men and women as long as the air breathes them and the land plows and loves them.

Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, *Yes Is Better Than No*.

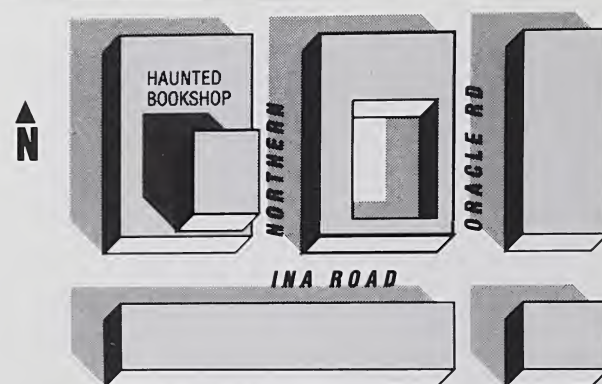


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Around these parts, we call 'em Indian Fiddles

BY JIM GRIFFITH

Earlier this year I had my say about the Anglo American old-time fiddle tradition. At the time I suggested that there were other traditions of fiddling on the Sonoran Desert, and that I would eventually get around to writing about them. Well, now it's that time—Indian Fiddling Month in my personal calendar. Violins are not among the aboriginal instruments of North America, of course, and there was no native fiddle tradition in this country before Europeans brought the instrument across with them. The wonderful thing about human culture, however, is that it never exists in a state of purity. We are always borrowing stuff from each other, and what we borrow we change around and fix up so that it conforms to our tastes.

Take the Yaquis, for instance. When the Jesuit missionaries introduced them to stringed instruments, it

was doubtless with the idea of training musicians to play European music for Mass. What has remained in Yaqui culture, however, is a rich repertoire of contradance and stepdance tunes played on violins, guitars and harps. There are Old World antecedents to the rhythms and many of the melodies, but they have been integrated into a specifically Yaqui style and ceremonial culture. A violin and harp will play for the *pascola*, or ritual stepdancer, who accentuates and embellishes the rhythm with the cocoon rattles wrapped around his legs. Or several violins accompanied by one or more guitars will provide the music for the *Matachinis*, a group of men and boys who perform what can only be described as European contradances as an act of devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe. In both cases the tunes and techniques for playing them have probably been in Yaqui culture for

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over 300 years. No sheet music here, of course, just a set of lovely, formal, archaic fiddle tunes passed from generation to generation to fulfill a religious obligation.

All this music is perfectly accessible to all of us—at Yaqui religious fiestas or at such public cultural festivities as Tucson Meet Yourself or the San Xavier Fiesta. It has been recorded as well. Several LPs and tapes of Yaqui pascola music (and a few selections of matachini music) are available from Canyon Records, 4143 N. Sixteenth Street, Phoenix, 85016.

The Tohono O'odham have been in some sort of contact with European culture for slightly over 300 years. Just as they had with the Yaquis farther to the south, missionaries brought their traditional instruments with them and instructed the Indians in their use. (A lovely touch here—when the German Jesuit Ignatz Pfefferkorn wrote his *Description of Sonora* in the 1790s, he told of the Sonorans' proficiency on what he described as a peculiar sort of "zither," which went by the name of *guitarra*. There spoke a good German.) So it was that when the great wave of social dances like the polka and the waltz arrived in the mid-1800s, the O'odham were ready and waiting.

I'm not clear on exactly when and how this repertoire of exciting new European social dance tunes and steps reached Southern Arizona. Lots of people could have brought them—Americans, Europeans, or even Mexicans from farther south in the Republic. Personally, I suspect the correct answer to be a combination of all the above, and more I haven't thought of. Whoever the agents of change were, O'odham from San Xavier were playing at fiestas in Tucson by the late 1860s.

The standard O'odham old-time band is as follows: one or two violins backed by a three-man rhythm section of guitar, snare drum and bass drum. The resulting sound is like no other traditional string music I have ever heard. The fiddles harmonize in a lyrical fashion, the bass drum thuds out its compelling rhythm ("All you need to do," one man told me, "is take the stick and go 'boom-boom-boom' in time to the music"), and there is a certain built-in looseness that adds charm to the whole thing. Polkas, two-steps (locally called *chotis*) and mazurkas (which sound to me like fast waltzes) are the major rhythms, but there are often a few surprises as well.

One of these is the *kwariya*, or quadrille, played in 6/8 time for what is almost like a square dance. Anglos and Mexicans danced quadrilles (*cuadrillas* in the other language) a century ago, and passed the dance on to the O'odham. Now only the O'odham at

San Xavier and elsewhere have kept the tradition alive. Which brings me to one of my favorite local puzzles. One of the quadrille tunes which has been preserved at San Xavier is pretty well known outside the Indian community as well. Old-time fiddlers in the South play it as a breakdown and call it "Flopped Eared Mule." In New Mexico, Spanish fiddlers play it as a *schottische*. I have even heard it on a 1930 Ukrainian recording. How this well-traveled tune arrived in Southern Arizona one can only speculate. Perhaps a group of '49ers rested for a while near San

Xavier, getting ready for the dry journey ahead. Perhaps a fiddler was with them, and perhaps he played that tune in the evenings. And perhaps an experienced O'odham fiddler was standing in the shadows, listening intently, moving his fingers gently across the neck of an imaginary instrument.

This music, too, is available to the outside world. Old-time bands are often featured at the San Xavier Fiesta and Tucson Meet Yourself, and there is an annual contest at the Wack Powwow in early March. And Canyon Records has responded to increased interest in

the music by producing a tape by a fine band from the village of Gu Achi.

That's not really the whole "rest of the story" about Southern Arizona fiddling. There are mariachi violinists and a whole Mexican fiddle tradition. There are even Norwegian and Serbian fiddlers in Tucson. And who knows who is just about to pull up stakes and move into this Sunbelt city? But it's a good place to stop for the time being. □

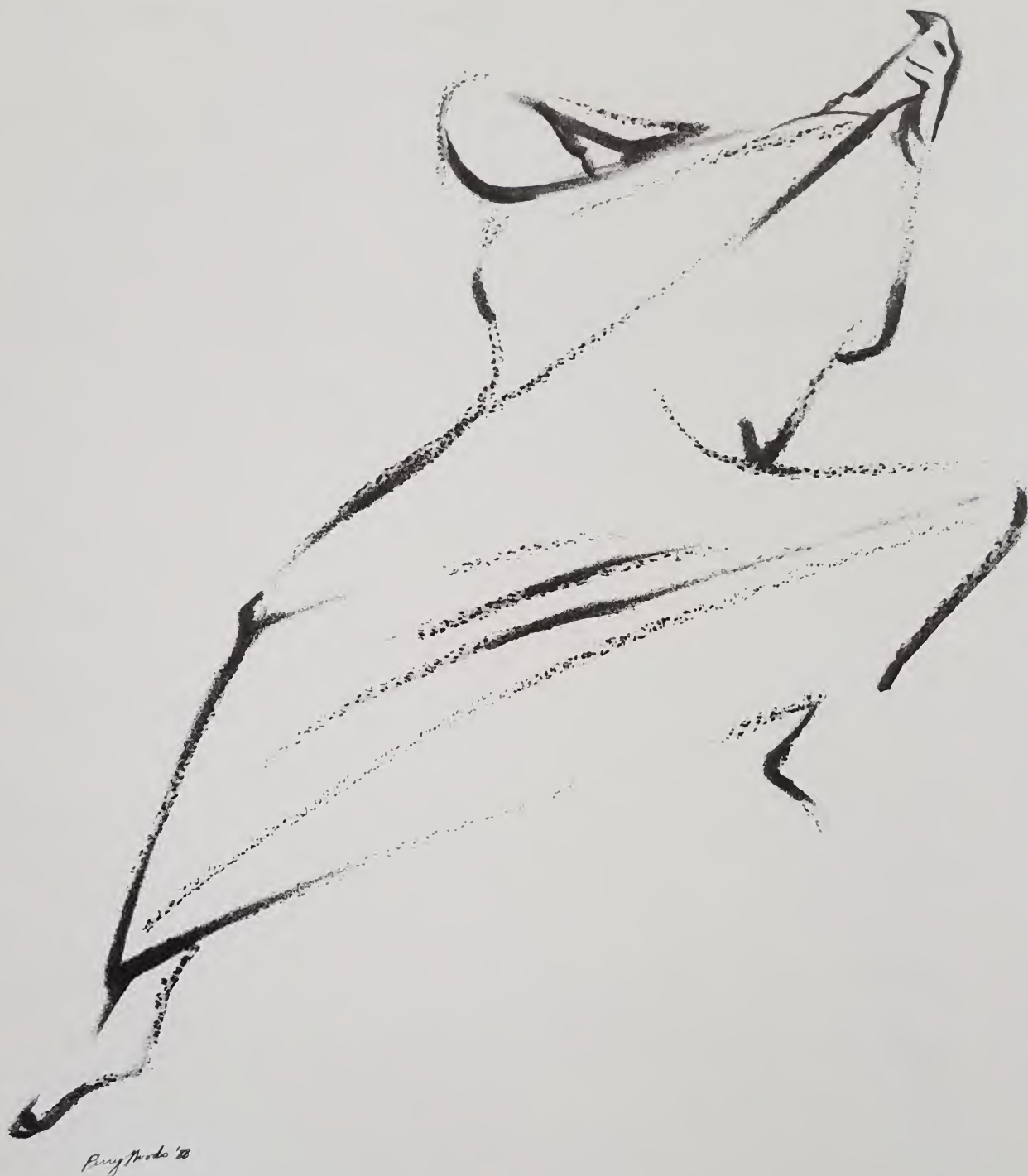
Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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FOOTBALL FLICKS

Filling the void on Tuesdays and Wednesdays

BY KEN NICHOLS

It's that steel-gray-skies-of-autumn time again, a time when all real Americans grow impatient with athletes who won't play in rain or snow. The nip in the air, the fragrance of burning leaves (maybe not in Tucson, but in most places), pep rallies, Friday night bonfires on fraternity row, Sunday services with the NFL—it all stirs the lust for violent body contact, zone defenses, cross blocks, pass routes and pulling guards. Make no mistake, it's football season.

The Brits invented it back in the 11th century when they started kicking the skulls of recently expelled Danish invaders from village to village. By the 12th century Henry II decided all this manly fun was distracting his troops from archery practice and banned the sport. A lot of weird manifestations of the basic urge to pulverize flesh and shatter bone while chasing a pigskin followed (soccer, rugby, Gaelic), but it wasn't until 19th century American colleges got the game back to its military roots that *real* football games were played. We've been carrying the ball ever since.

We've also made the only movies about this combat disguised as sport. If the thought of Vince Lombardi growling, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing" makes you all warm inside, and thirty or so hours of the real thing on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday leave you wanting more, go rent something from the following list. (I've got to point out that Coach Lombardi stole that line from Sherry Jackson, who played John Wayne's daughter in "Trouble Along the Way," a 1953 Michael Curtiz flick, and delivered it to Donna Reed. Actually, the Coach probably never said it, and since figuring out the logic of that statement gives everyone I know a headache, it probably *was* written by some Hollywood hack.)

"Knut Rockne, All American" ('40). Pat O'Brien submerges his Irishness to play the Norwegian who came to America, coached Notre Dame, and made South Bend, Indiana, the Holy City of college football. Notable for Ronald Reagan's performance as George "win one for the Gipper" Gipp (this is about as close as the President got to real acting). Sentimental edging toward sappy, a grand example of the film biographies '40s audiences devoured like starving jackals.

"Horse Feathers" ('32). Groucho is

president of Huxley College, and like any good campus CEO he knows that his central mission is to build a good football team. He recruits Harpo and Chico at a speakeasy in time to play the big game against Darwin College. One of the two or three best Marx Brothers flicks. Groucho's anatomy class belongs in every library of comedy on tape.

"Semi-Tough" ('77). You might imagine that pairing Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson is a certain path to filmdeath. But this modestly amusing flick has some things going for it. Jill Clayburgh plays girlfriend to both of the guys, the Reynolds character has a penchant for Gene Autry albums and Robert Preston does a fine turn as a team owner who's deep into consciousness raising. As much about New Age scams as about football, but worth a look and a two-buck rental.

"The Longest Yard" ('74). Comedy directed by Robert Aldrich, written by Kennan Wynn's son (Tracy), this one concerns a pro quarterback sent to prison (Burt Reynolds again). Burt heads a squad of felons in the big game against Warden Eddie Albert's team of prison guards. Bernadette Peters, as the prison secretary, is great, as usual.

"M*A*S*H" ('70). Classic black service comedy, Robert Altman's first commercial splash. Set in Korea, it's really about Vietnam. There's a football game right in the middle of it. And there are lots of drugs right in the middle of the game. Pretty prescient, Bob.

"North Dallas Forty" ('79). The darkest and best of the lot. A benchful of great character actors (Dabney Coleman, Charles Durning, G.D. Spradlin) and some real players like John Matuszak support Nick Nolte (who hasn't performed poorly since he left TV) and Mac Davis. You'll feel their pain, and you'll understand why they demand so much money to play.

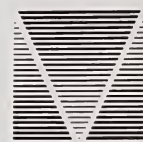
Others (not as highly recommended, but gridiron compulsion can be hard to shake): "Wildcats" ('86), "Best of Times" ('86, good performance by Kurt Russell, but it's the one he always gives), "Easy Living" ('49, you'll want to strangle Victor Mature's wife Elizabeth Scott; a rare and very good serious turn by Lucille Ball), "Brian's Song" ('70, great highlight films of Gayle Sayers; James Caan as Brian Piccolo is touching). □

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Hal Gould

Jacline Lown-Peters

This month Jacline Lown-Peters sells Halloween horror in her store at 2524 N. Campbell Ave. Jacline, a seamstress and costume creator, as well as the new owner (along with husband Michael) of Lown's Costumes & Novelties, has worked in the store since her parents, John and Lynn Lown, founded it about fifteen years ago.

One time my brother came in from Florida, and we went to the airport all dressed up in costumes. I was Miss Piggy, my dad was an Arab or something, and my mother was this real authentic-looking old-time nun. She runs up to him and says, "Son!" I'm sure there's a certain amount of embarrassment being in this family, but we enjoy it.

You kind of change your personality with who you're playing. You can see people change right in front of the mirror. They may be in a suit all week long, but then they can go to a party and be a gorilla, and people don't expect as much from them. That, I think, is why gorillas are so popular. We can never have enough gorillas. Or Mae West. People can be a little more sexy than they've ever been, they can tell dirty jokes and get away with it. French maids are popular, too.

The most popular costumes depend on the season. This year it's going to be Freddy from "Nightmare on Elm Street." We've had dozens of requests

for Freddy, so we're trying to be prepared for that. And then Alf is hot, too, because he's on TV. Madonna was hot for a while, but nobody asks about her any more. Tina Turner was real hot a couple of years ago—we couldn't have enough wigs. Now she's just a has-been. We had a leopard-skin Danish for her that we use for jungle costumes now, and we took her black leather skirt to use for a biker. We have to watch all the trends, but we have a large family, which helps. We watch movies, cartoons, TV, rock stars. This year politics will be big. Nobody's made Dukakis yet, but we tell people we do have the eyebrows and the nose. We have a Bush mask, and Nixon has always been hot.

I like horror films myself. I like the special effects and to see how they do the makeup. I've got two sisters who have nightmares from seeing some of this stuff, but I think about blood and guts and all those fun things all the time. People come to us for the ideas, and I like creating them. We do a lot of specialty makeup here. We can make wounds. Oh, man—we make cut throats, bullet holes, scars. We went heavy on horror masks last year, testing the market, and we sold out. Mostly to adults in their thirties. Teenagers like them but can't afford them, so we do werewolves, that kind of thing, for the teenagers.

It surprises me how many children are at the

"Nightmare" movies, and how many children want to be Freddy. It's kind of scary, that they would pick that over being a clown or something. It used to be you couldn't have enough clowns and little pumpkins. Now it's ghouls. Most parents will let them be pretty much anything they want, with one exception: They do not want their child to be a prisoner. I don't know if it's the connotation that the child might go to prison someday, or what. They think it's so cute if their child is in a little devil outfit; they'll spend whatever it costs to be Freddy. But prisoners—"Oh heavens, no!" It's like you've insulted them when you even suggest it. Adults will be prisoners in a minute; couples think it's great to be jailbirds and lovebirds. They'll put the shackles and handcuffs on and everything.

University students tend to go with the luau scene, the jungle, the roaring '20s, for their parties. They still do togas, but not as much as they used to. We get a lot of retired people, too, who need an outfit to take on a cruise. For them we do a lot of pirates, wenches.

The people we have the most trouble with are husbands. They don't want to dress up, they don't want to go to the party, and their wives are dragging them in here. They usually end up having more fun than they ever would have imagined, and they're glad they did it.

Take A Peak...

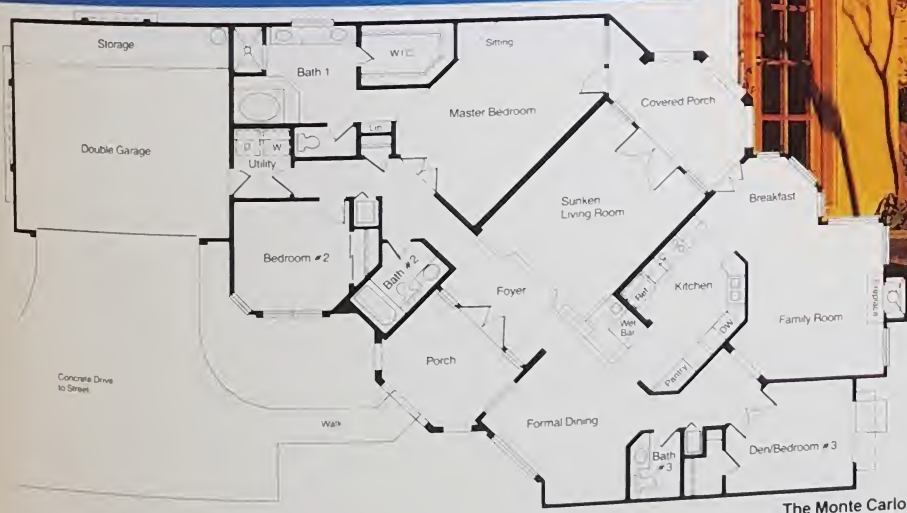
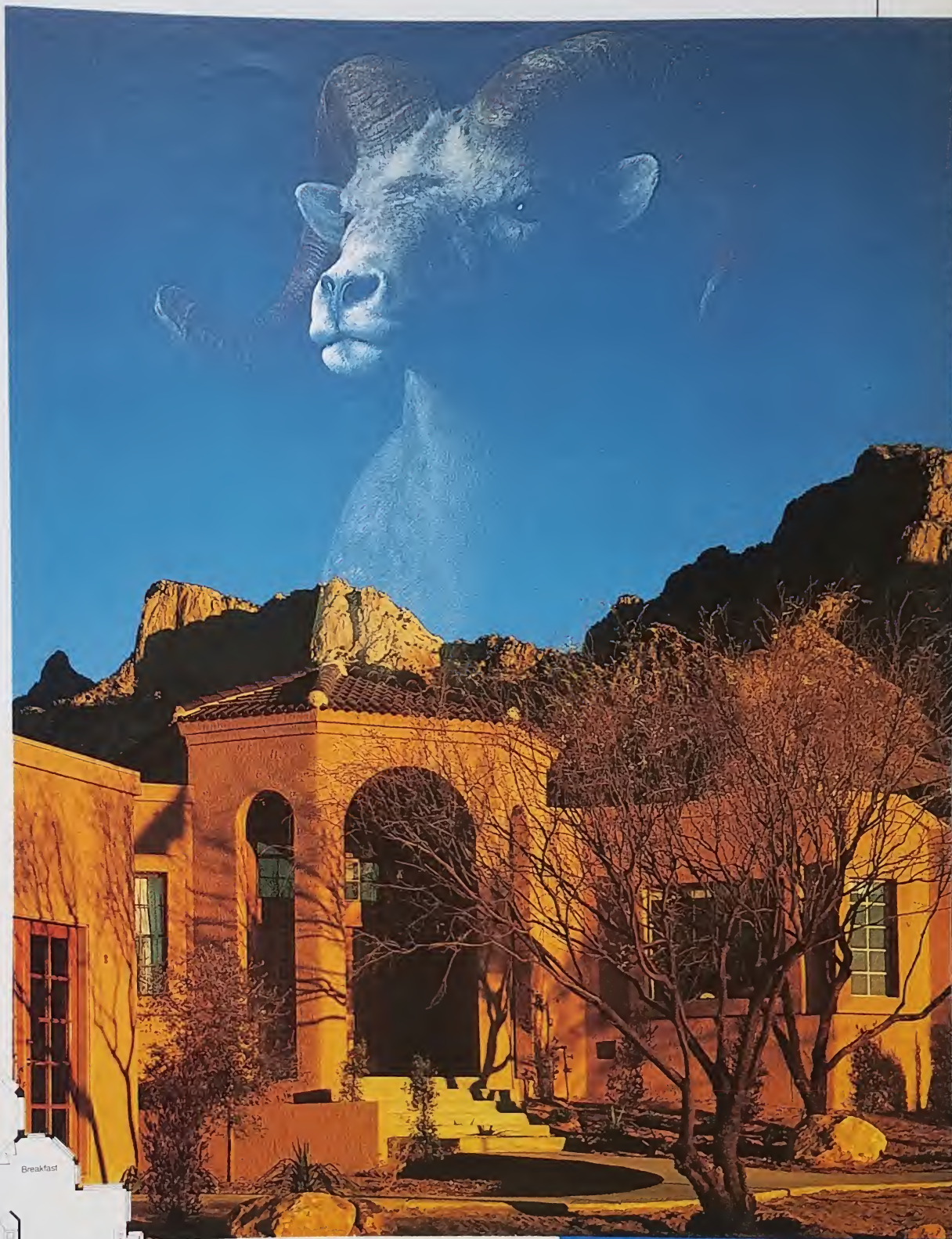
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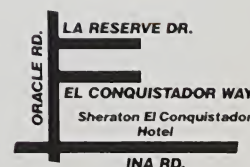
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